

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

NOVEMBER
No. 24

10¢

LOOK!

BLACKBARK
BATTLES
The Man
with the
Heavy
Glasses!



ALEX KOTZKY



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Friend or Foe?

You Can Tell at Once With the Amazing New 2-Line FLASH IDENTIFICATION SYSTEM Found Only in the AIRCRAFT SPOTTERS' HANDBOOK

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HOW THE 2-LINE FLASH IDENTIFICATION WORKS

The two planes below look very much alike, although one's a Nazi and the other American. But any youngster can instantly tell them apart with the 2-line FLASH IDENTIFICATION.

Aeronautics Photo



Long-Nosed Fuselage Suspended on Wings.
Twin Tail Booms—Rounded Tail Plane.



The 2-line FLASH IDENTIFICATION identifies this plane instantly as the AMERICAN Lockheed P-38 Lightning.

Arpa, Toronto



Short-Nosed Fuselage Suspended on Wings.
Twin Tail Booms—Rectangular Tail Plane.

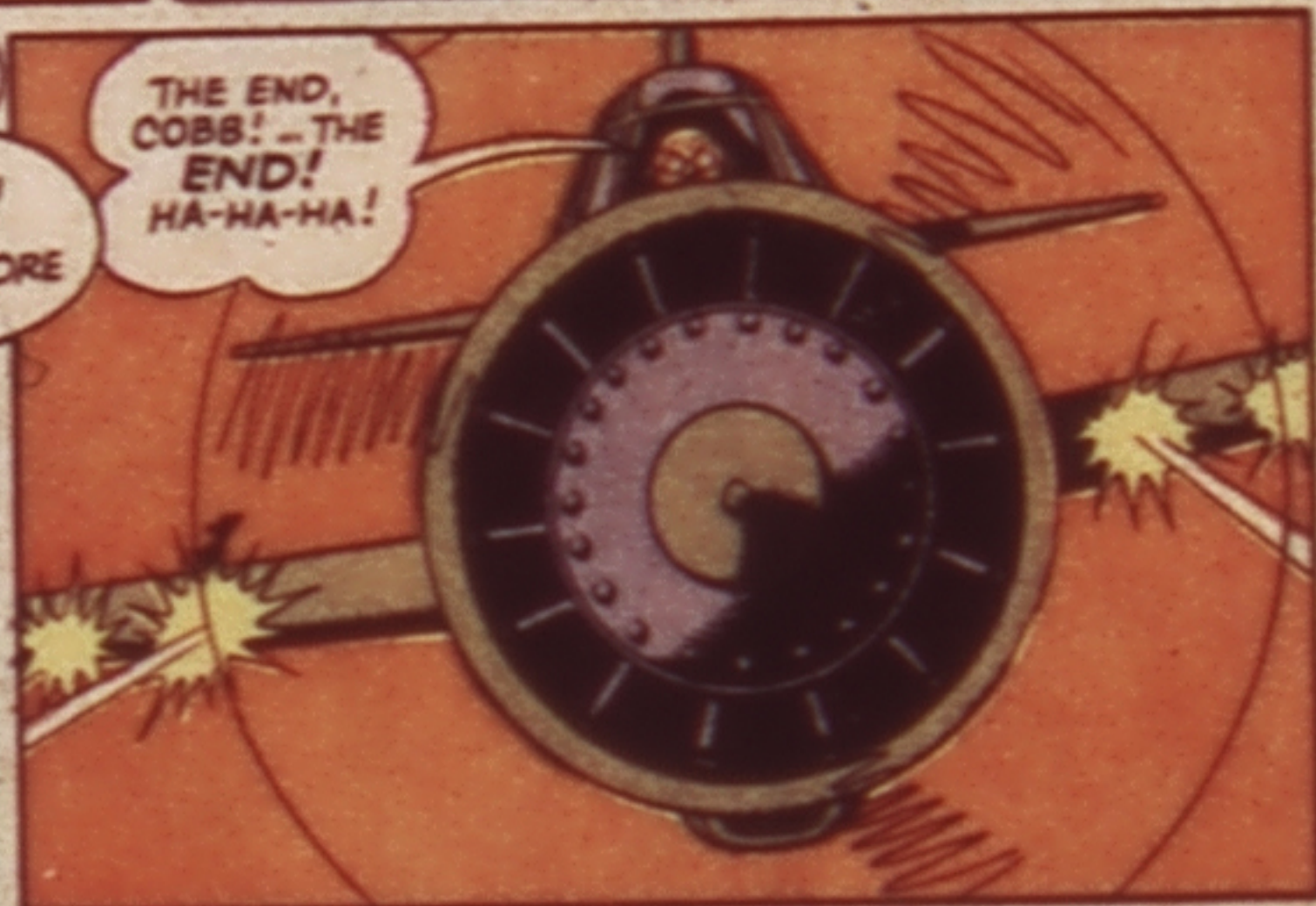
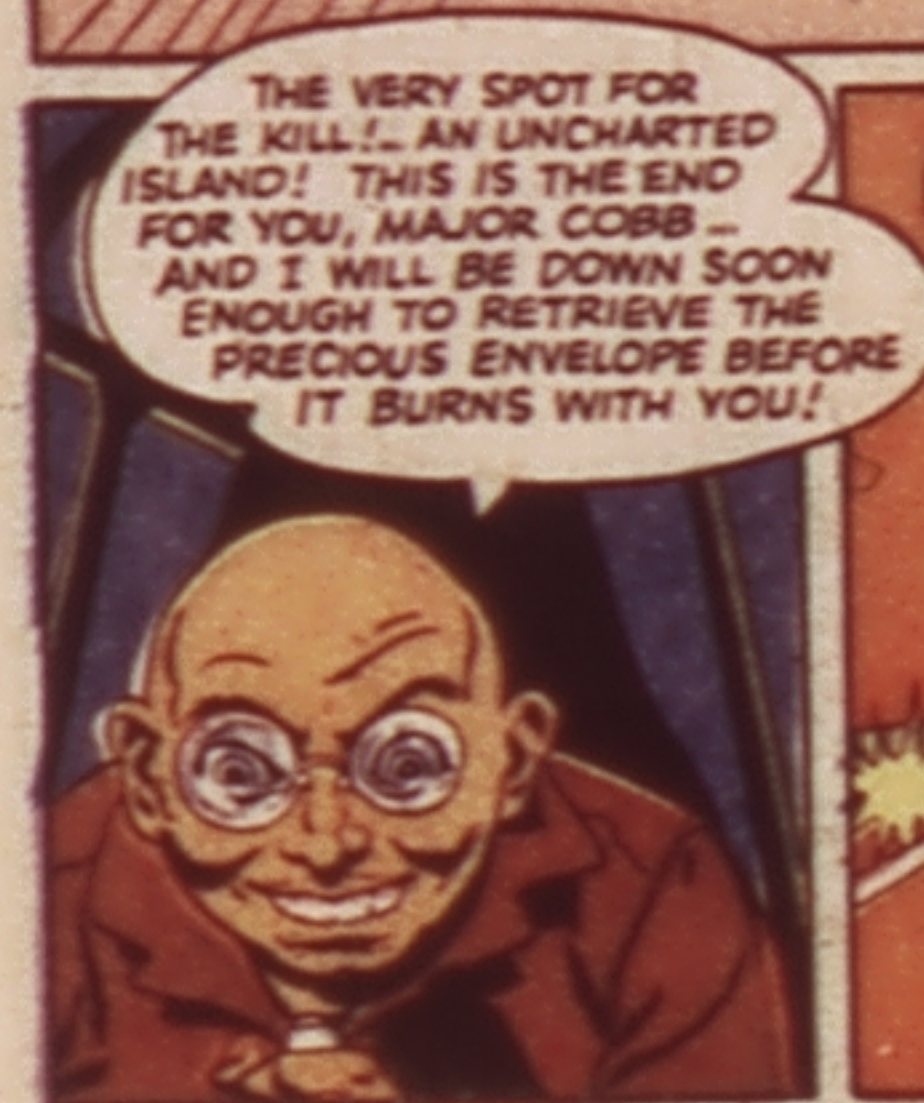


The 2-line FLASH IDENTIFICATION identifies this plane instantly as the GERMAN Focke-Wulf Fw 190.

ARMYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1

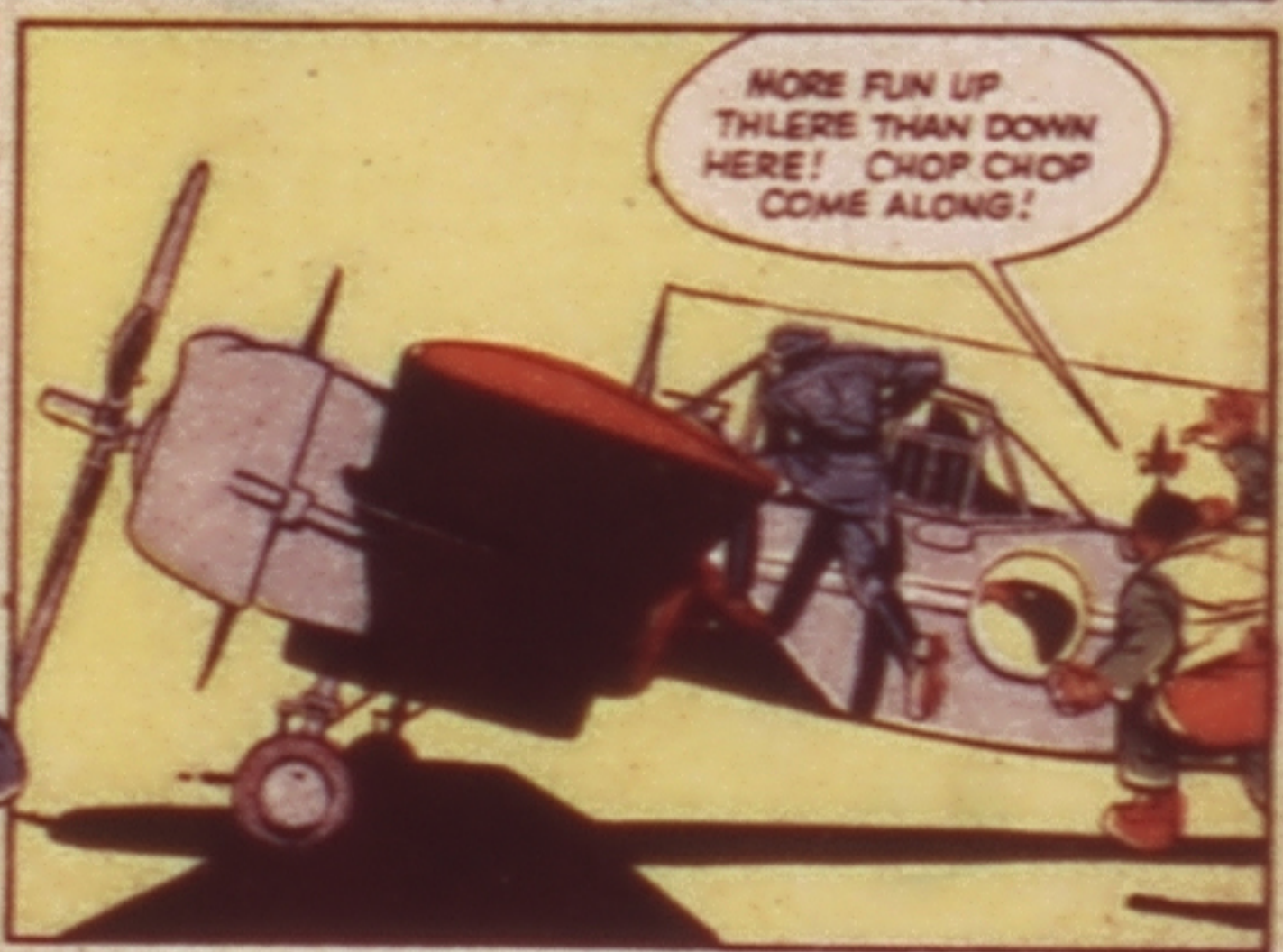
DEATH WAS THE HUMBLE SERVANT OF "THE MAN WITH THE HEAVY GLASSES"... AN EAGER LACKEY, EVER READY TO DO HIS BIDDING ... AND DOOM AWAITED ANY MAN WHO DARED LIFT A HAND TO STAY THE RUTHLESSNESS OF THE MASTER! YES! ... DOOM FOR THE BLACKHAWKS, TOO! ... THOUGH AT FIRST SIGHT THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD ENCOUNTERED MORE FORMIDABLE FOES!

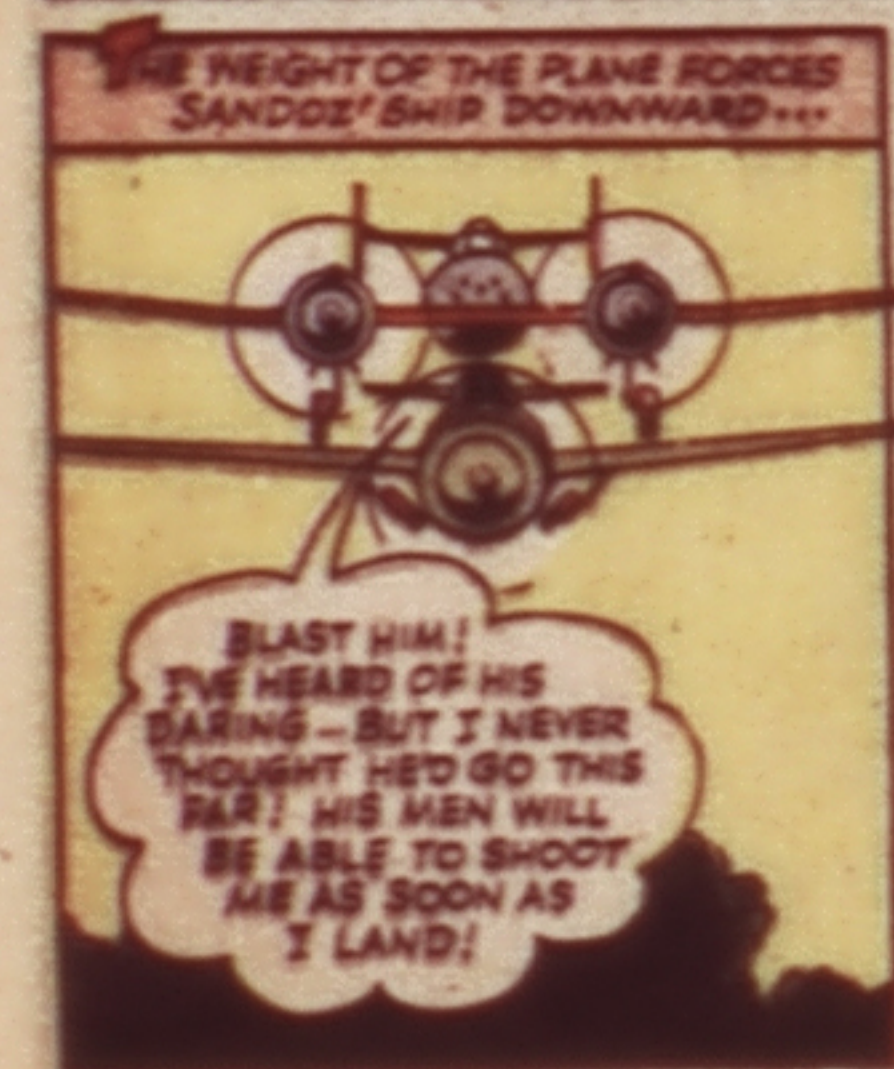
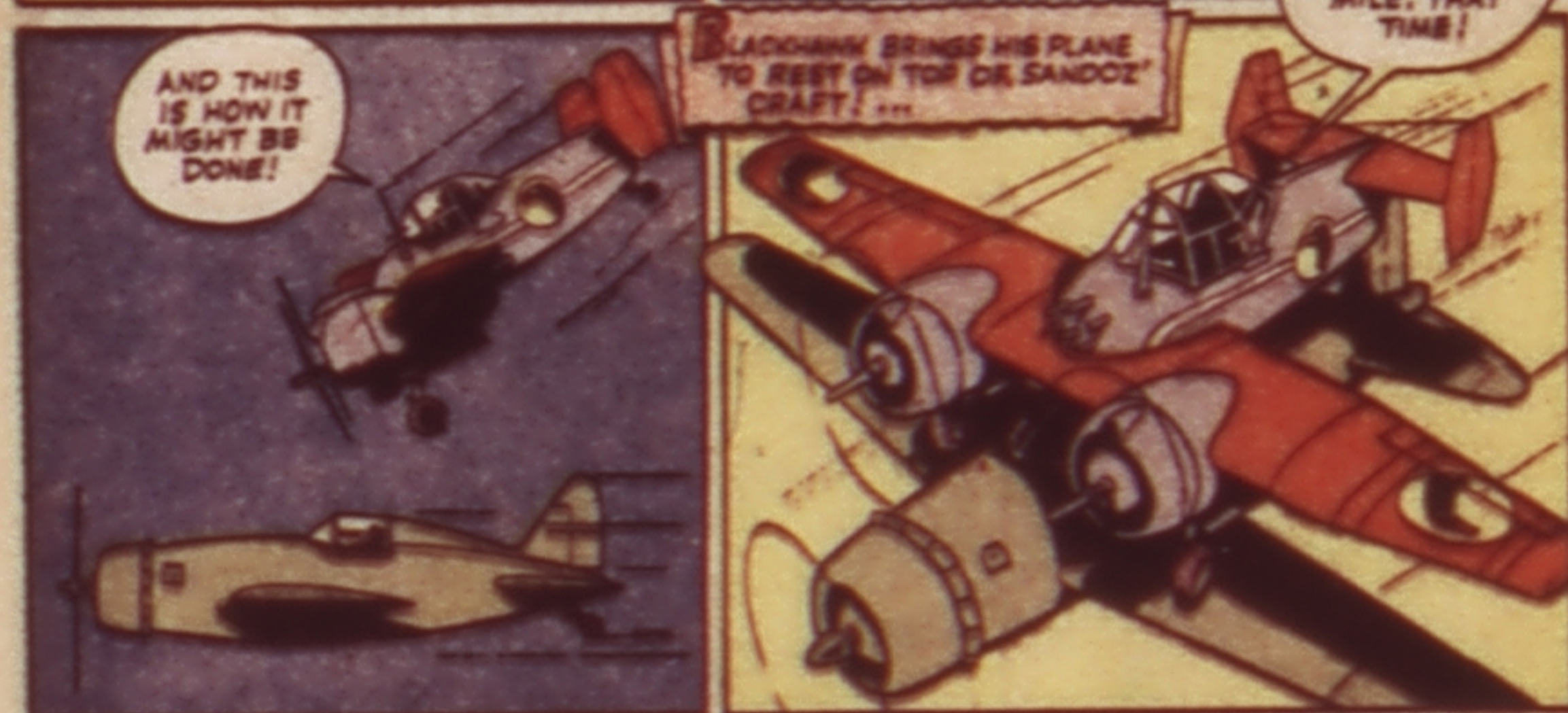




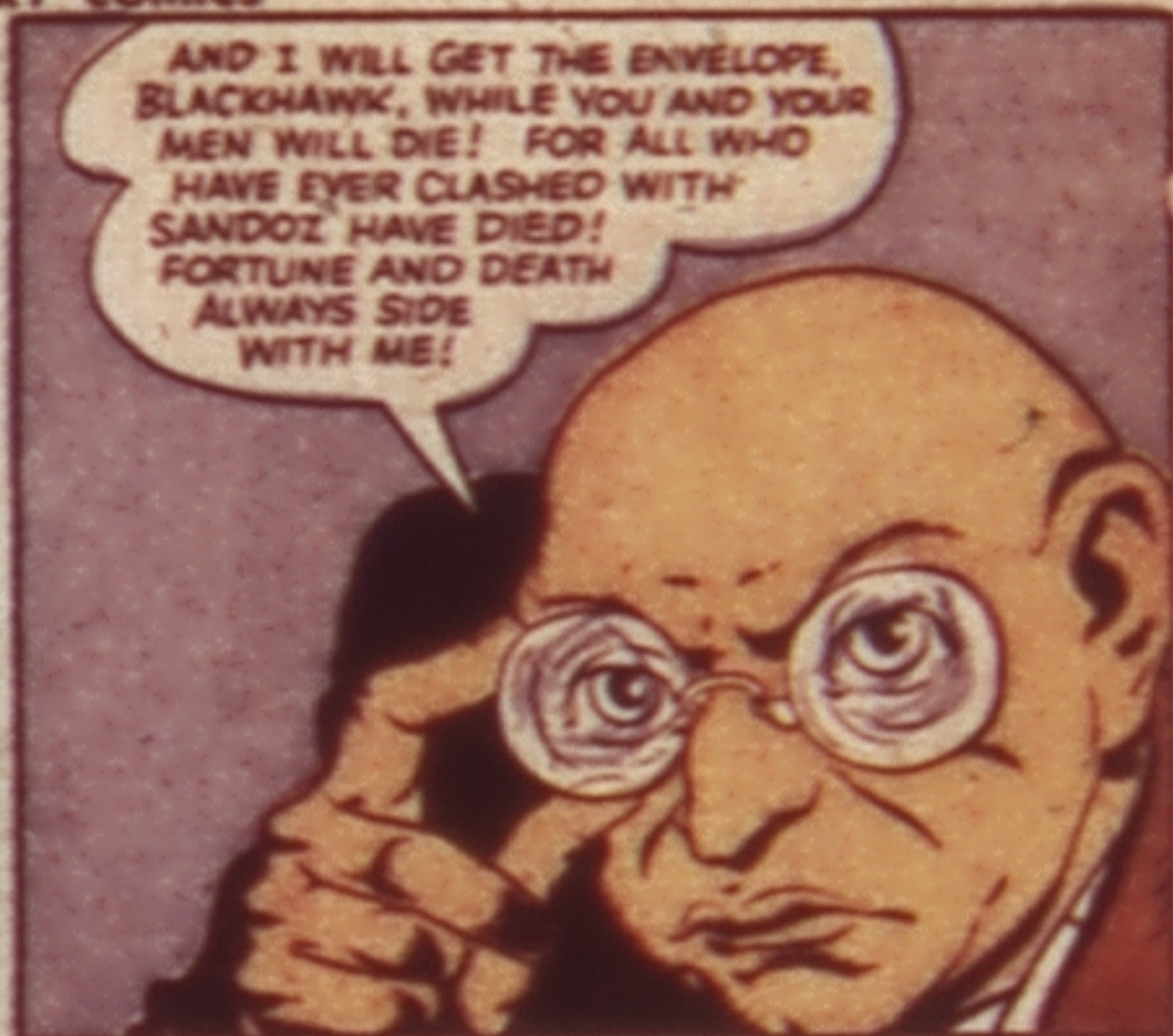












THAT NIGHT... AS BLACKHAWK WINGS HIS WAY ACROSS THE PACIFIC...

HMMM...
STORM
BREWING!

A BAD ONE,
BLACKHAWK! HA-HA!
THE END MAY COME
FOR YOU SOONER THAN
I THOUGHT! A STORM
IS A BAD OMEN FOR
YOU RIGHT NOW!



HOLY ...!

THERE GOES
YOUR INSTRUMENT
PANEL, BLACKHAWK!
I WARNED YOU! --
YOU CAN'T WIN,
BLACKHAWK!

NO INSTRUMENTS!
-- I'LL HAVE TO FLY
BLIND IN THIS
STORM!

THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT
BLACKHAWK WINGS AHEAD,
HOPING THAT HE IS HEADED
IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!

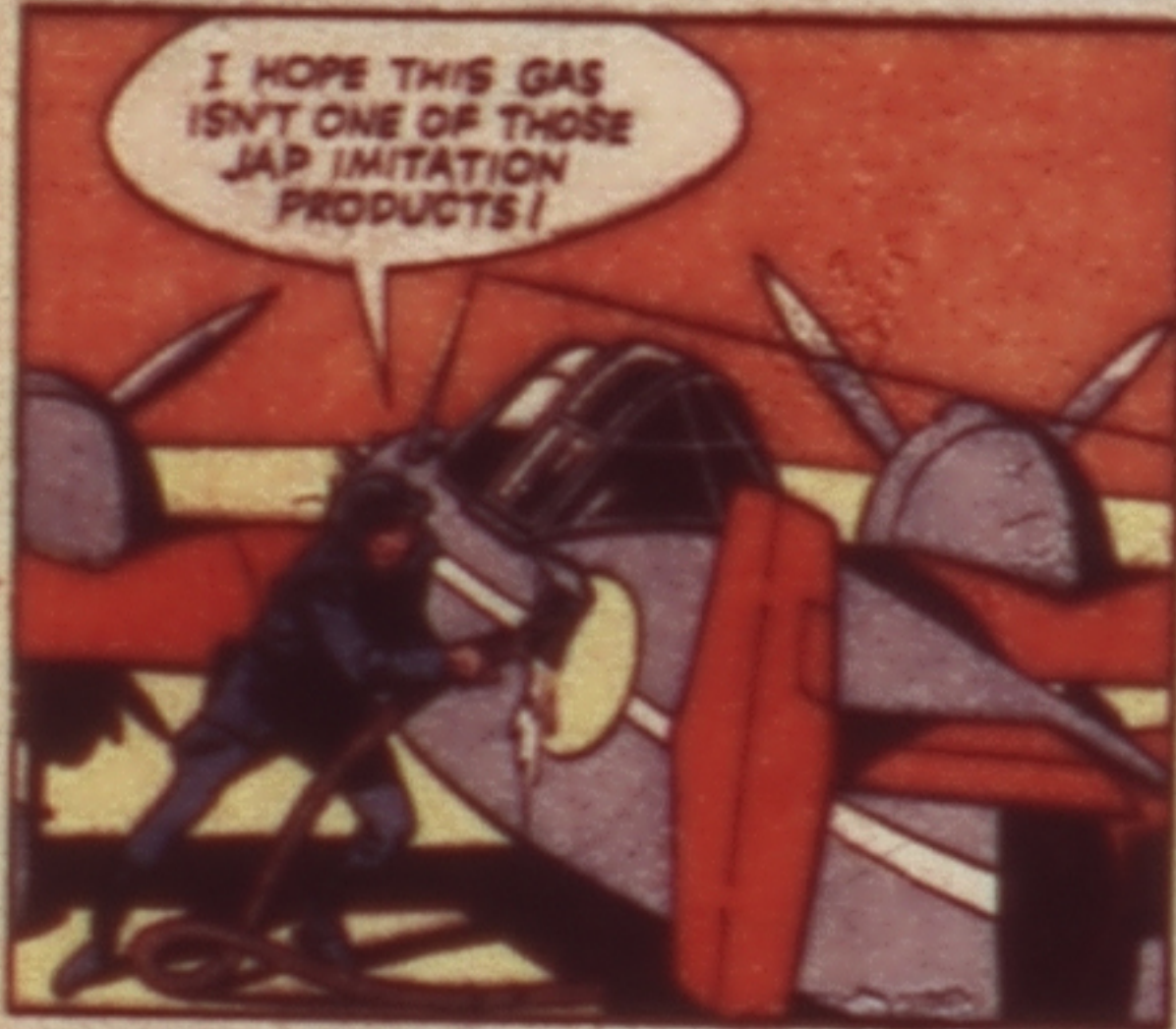
THERE'S
JUST A CHANCE
I CAN FIX
THIS!

AND WHEN MORNING COMES...

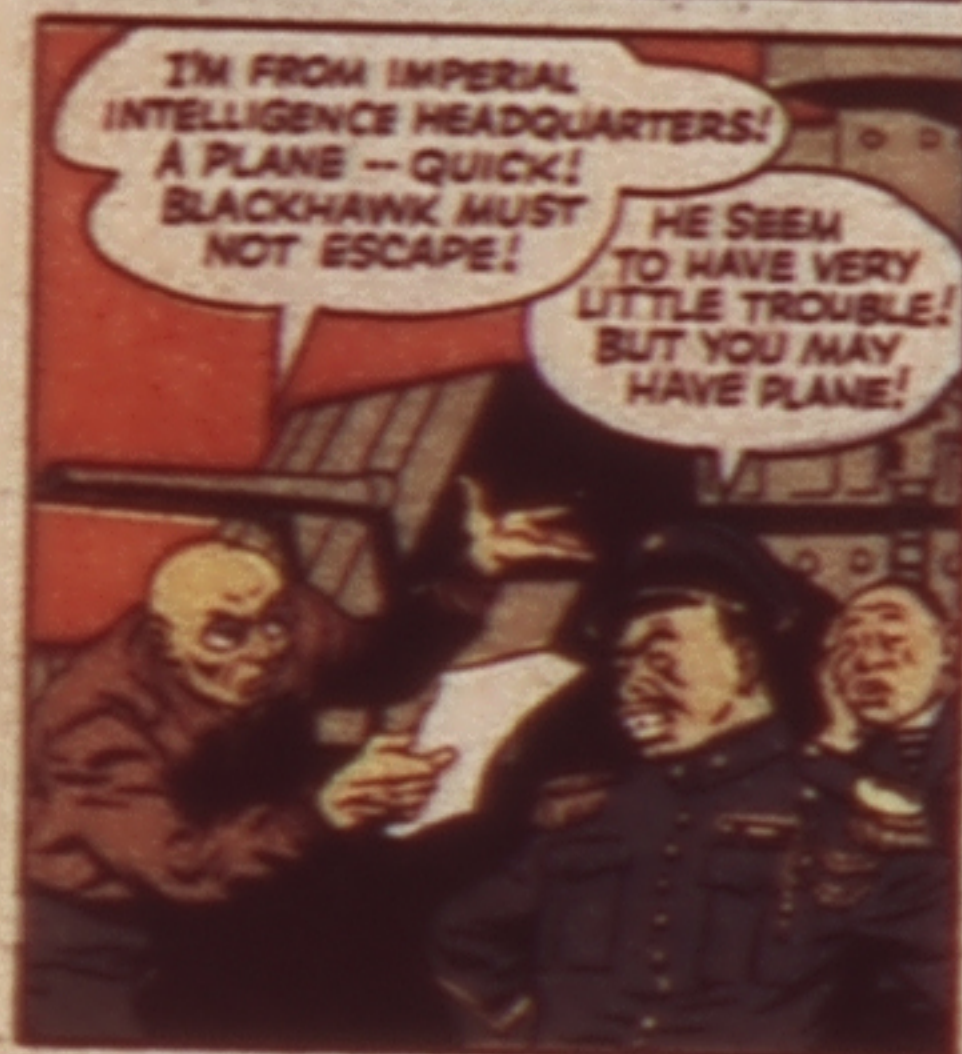
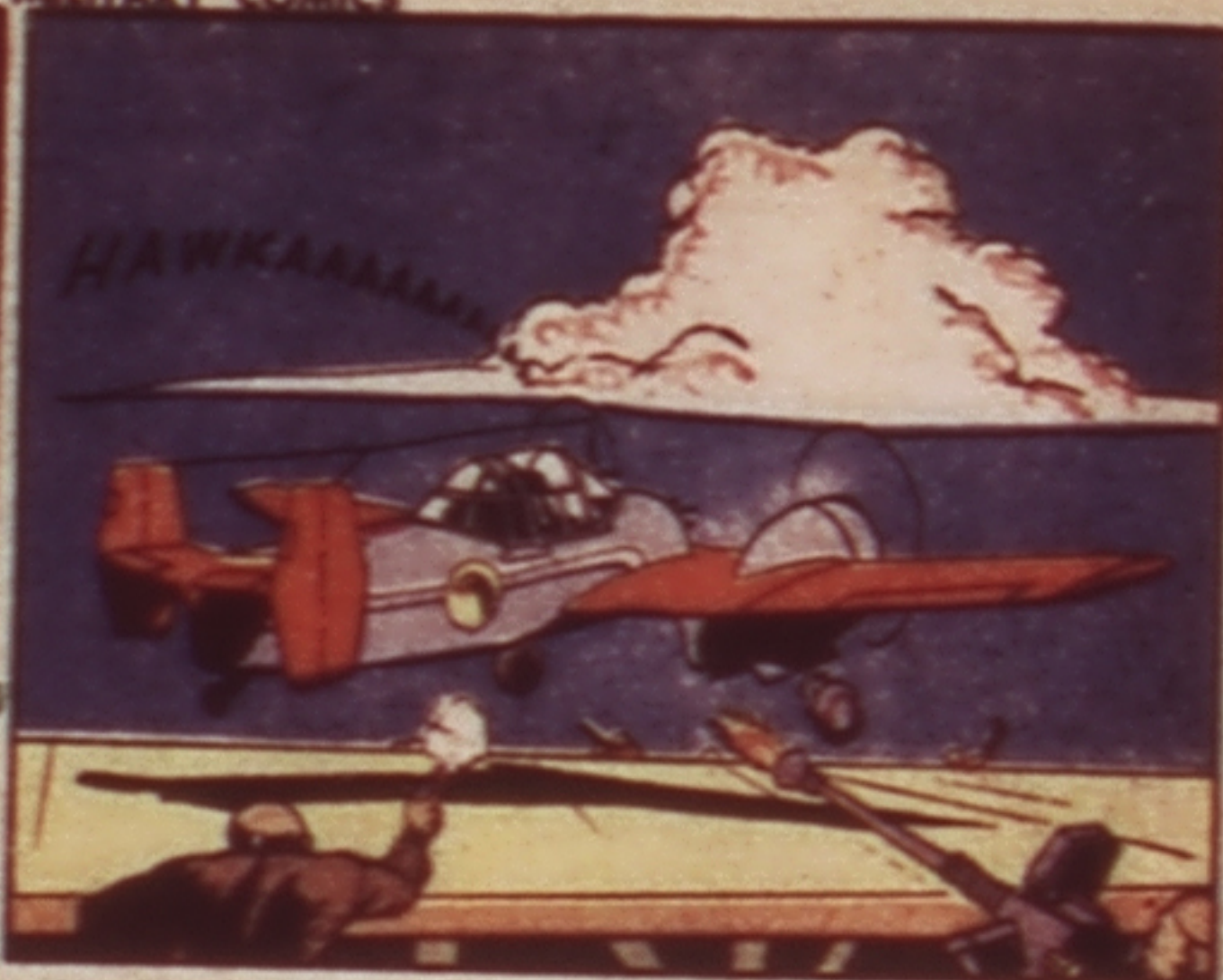
GAS RUNNING
LOW -- NO LAND IN
SIGHT! I MUST
HAVE BEEN
FLYING IN
CIRCLES!



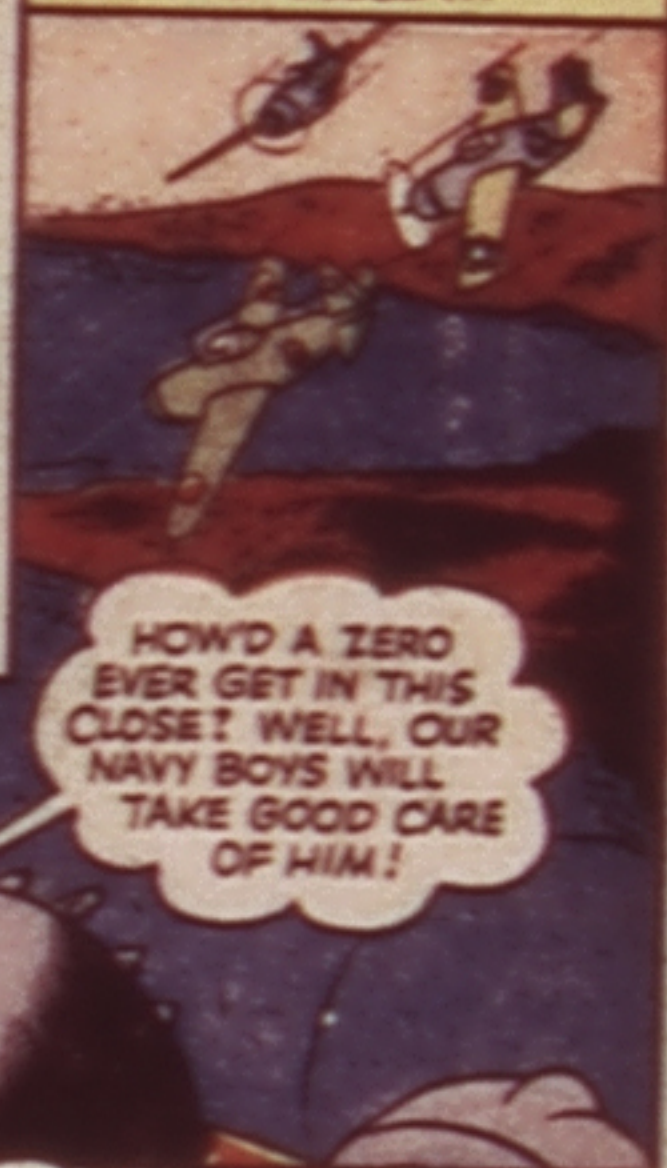




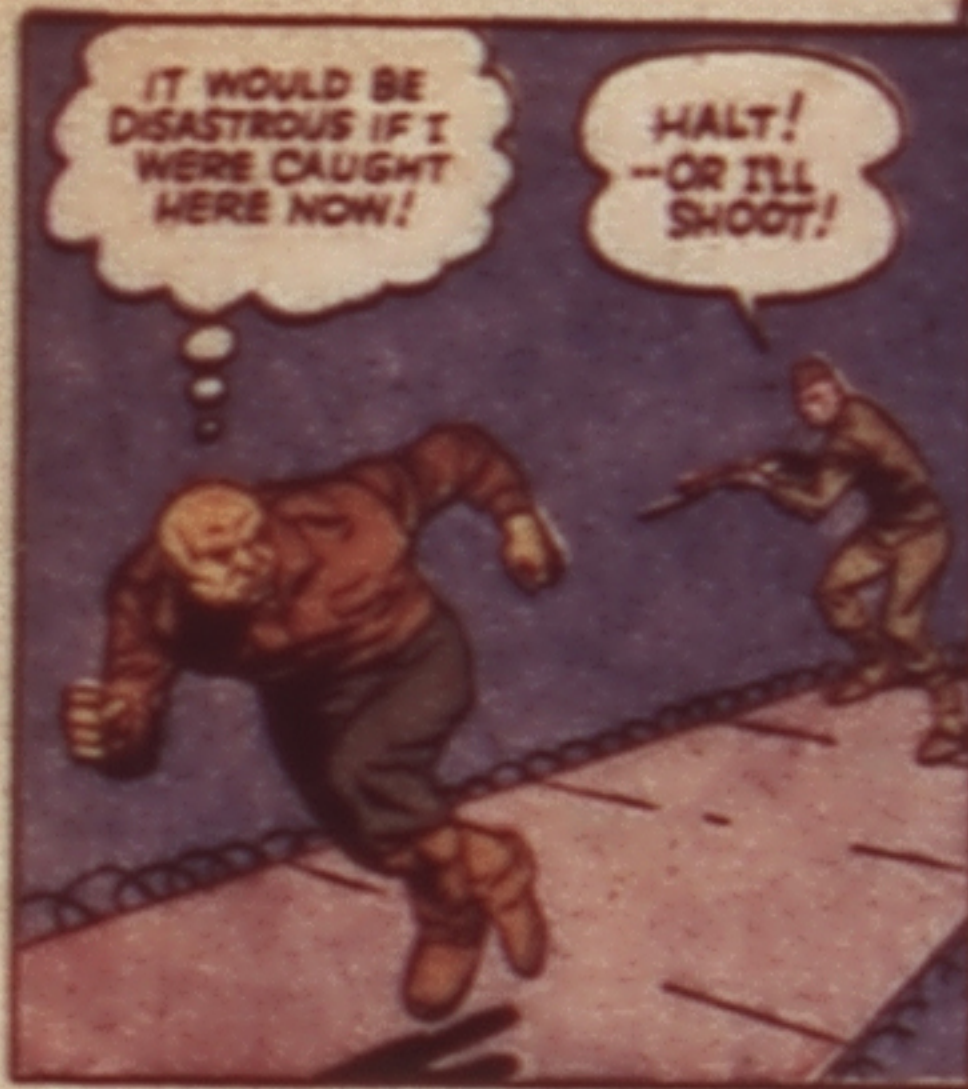




ANY HOURS LATER, AS THE PLANE APPROACHES HONOLULU ...







DEATH PATROL

by
AL STAHL

SAN FRANCISCO
ON FLIGHT!

JUST IN CASE YOU DIDN'T READ THE LAST ISSUE —
DEATH PATROL CAPTURED A JAP SUBMARINE AIRCRAFT CARRIER, CAMOUFLAGED TO LOOK LIKE WATER AND EQUIPPED WITH A GIANT BUTTERFLY NET FOR LAUNCHING PLANES ...

HERE IT IS!! — NOW,
GET READY FOR ACTION
AS WE PROCEED THROUGH
JAP-INFESTED WATERS!!

I TELL YOU,
FELLOWS — THIS IS
A PERFECT SET-UP!

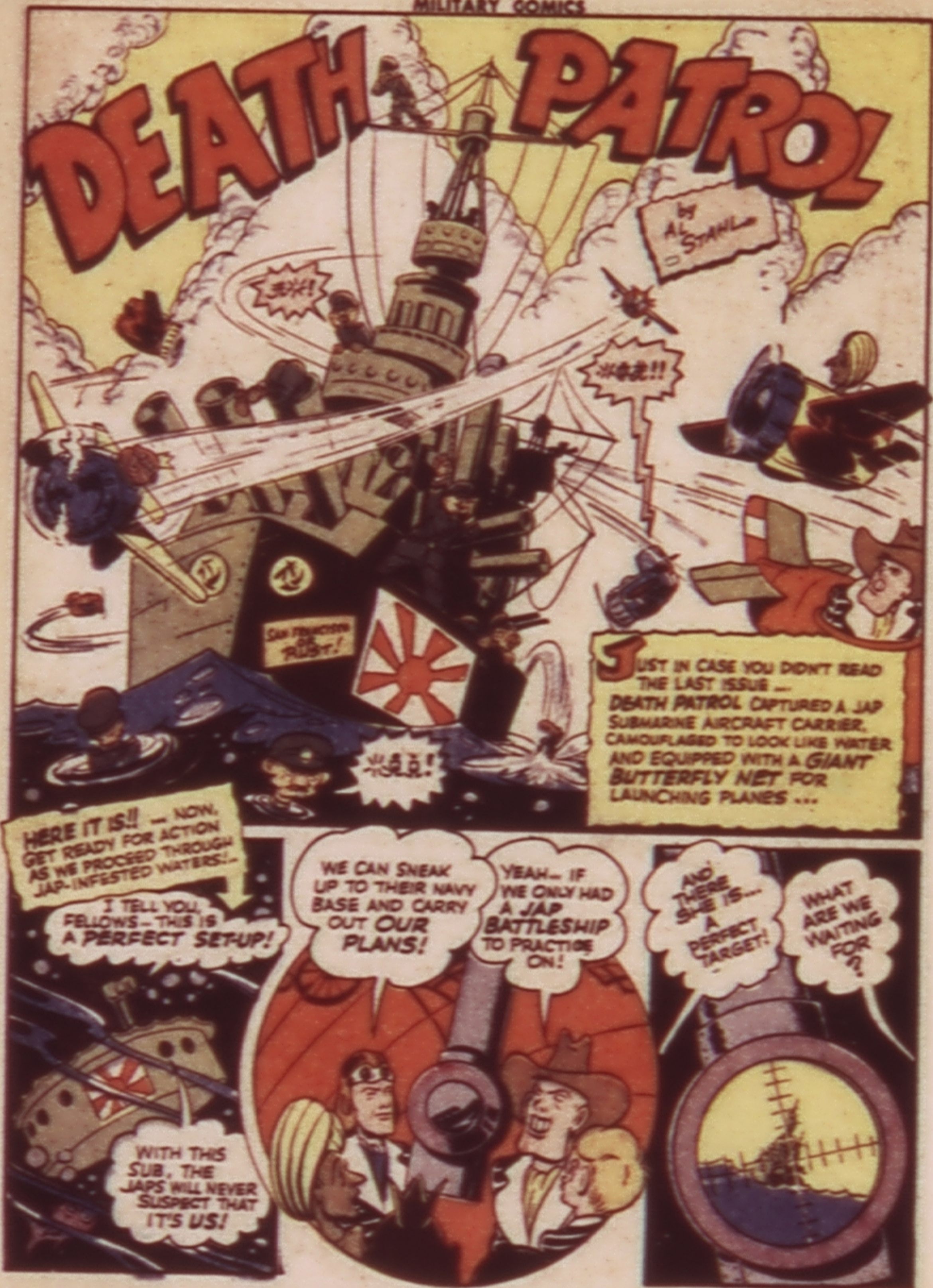
WE CAN SNEAK
UP TO THEIR NAVY
BASE AND CARRY
OUT OUR
PLANS!

YEAH... IF
WE ONLY HAD
A JAP
BATTLESHIP
TO PRACTICE
ON!

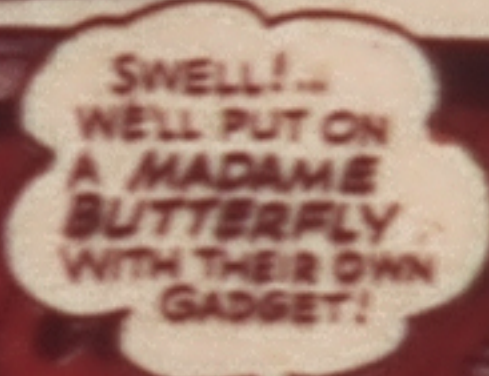
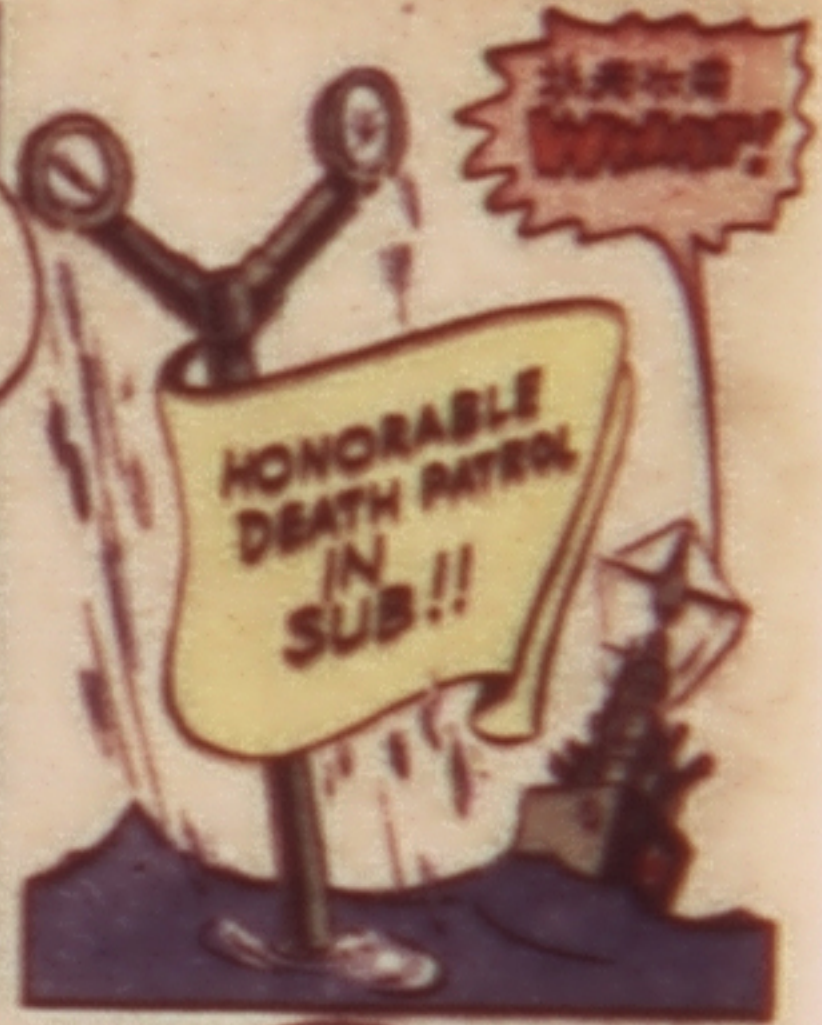
AND
THERE
SHE IS...
A
PERFECT
TARGET!

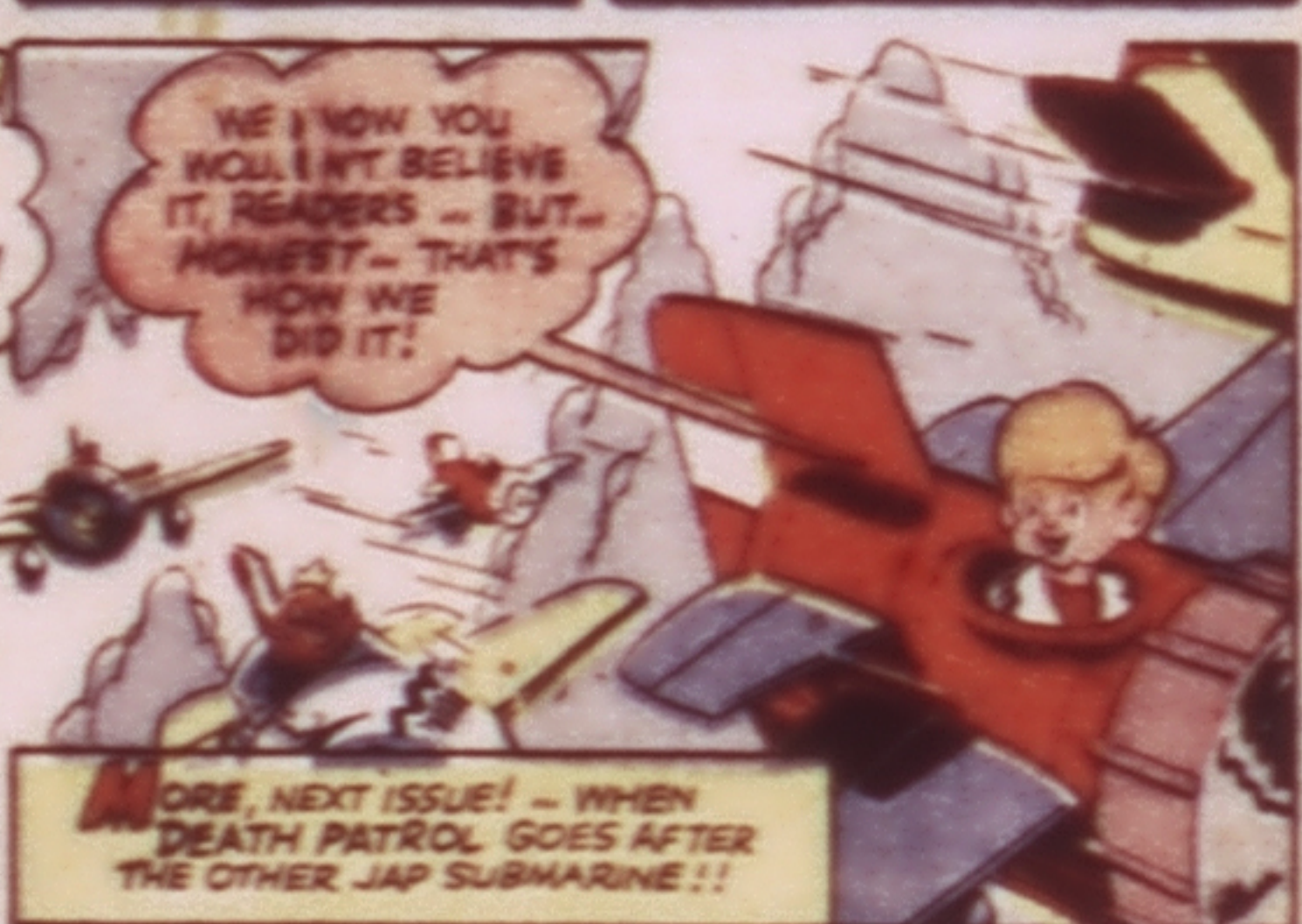
WHAT
ARE WE
WAITING
FOR?

WITH THIS
SUB, THE
JAPS WILL NEVER
SUSPECT THAT
IT'S US!









THE SNIPER

by
VERNON
HENKEL

WANTED
OR DEAD
ALIVE



THE SNIPER HAS LONG PLAYED AT THE GRIM BUSINESS OF HUNTER AND HUNTED, MATCHING HIS QUICK MIND AND UNERRING RIFLE AGAINST THE ENEMIES THAT SURROUND HIM ON EVERY SIDE! BUT NEVER BEFORE HAS THE SNIPER UNDERTAKEN SO PERILOUS A MISSION AS THE ONE THAT LED HIM ON THE TRAIL OF A CAPTURED AMERICAN FLYER AWAITING EXECUTION! ...

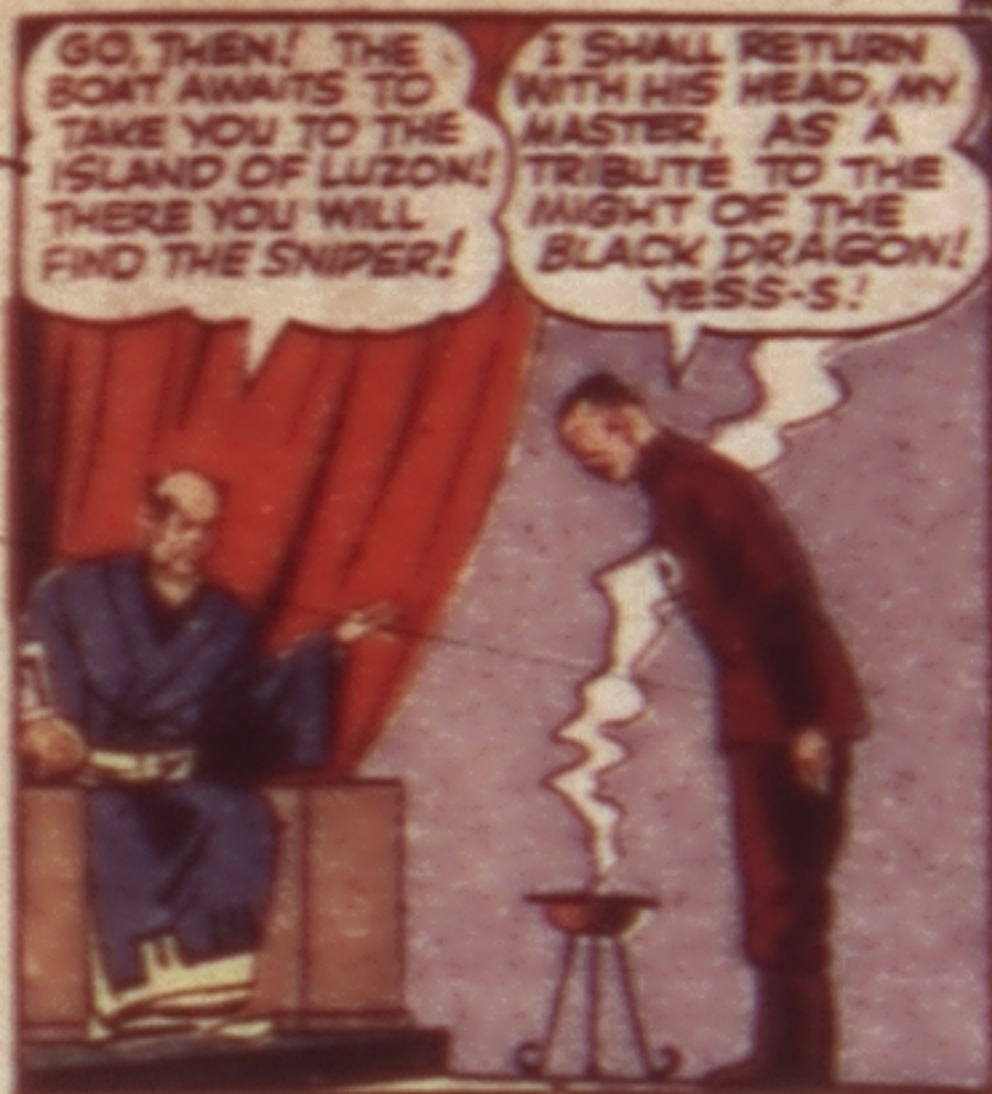
NEVER BEFORE HAS THE SNIPER ENCOUNTERED SO DEADLY A FOE AS SURATAI, ASSASSIN OF THE BLACK DRAGON SOCIETY, WHOSE JOB WAS TO FIND AND KILL THE SNIPER! ... FOR SURATAI HAD NEVER FAILED TO GET HIS MAN !!

IN THE UNDERGROUND LAIR
OF THE STRANGE AND TERRIBLE
SOCIETY OF THE BLACK DRAGON.

SURATAI, YOU WILL DESTROY THE ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE SNIPER! YOU MUST NOT FAIL!

I HAVE TAKEN THE OATH OF BLOOD, MASTER! I SHALL NOT REST UNTIL THE SNIPER IS DEAD!





GO, THEN! THE BOAT AWAITS TO TAKE YOU TO THE ISLAND OF LUZON! THERE YOU WILL FIND THE SNIPER!

I SHALL RETURN WITH HIS HEAD, MY MASTER, AS A TRIBUTE TO THE MIGHT OF THE BLACK DRAGON! YESS-S!

MANY DAYS LATER...

SURATAI VISITS THE PRISON AT MANILA, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON...



YOU HOLD A CAPTURED AMERICAN FLYER, ONE OF THOSE WHO BOMBED THIS CITY LAST NIGHT! YESS-S!

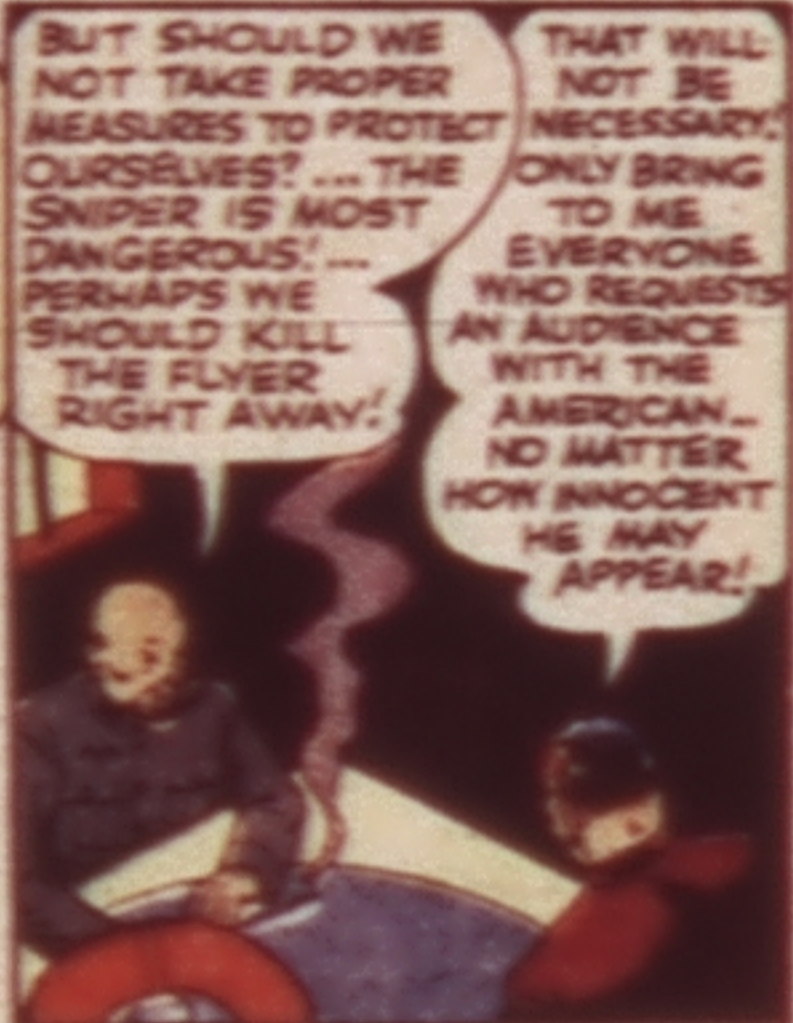
IT IS SO! DO YOU WISH TO WITNESS THE PIG'S EXECUTION? HAH!!...



I DO NOT ADMIRE SUCH CRUDE METHODS OF MURDER! MURDER IS A FINE ART, ONLY TO BE PRACTISED BY EXPERTS! I HAVE COME TO ASK A FAVOR!

NAME IT!

THIS AMERICAN FLYER WILL PROVE AN EXCELLENT BAIT TO DRAW A MORE IMPORTANT QUARRY! I HAVE HEARD THE SNIPER WILL TRY TO SAVE HIM FROM THE FIRING SQUAD! WE MUST GIVE THE SNIPER EVERY OPPORTUNITY!



BUT SHOULD WE NOT TAKE PROPER MEASURES TO PROTECT OURSELVES? ... THE SNIPER IS MOST DANGEROUS! ... PERHAPS WE SHOULD KILL THE FLYER RIGHT AWAY!

THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY! ONLY BRING TO ME EVERYONE WHO REQUESTS AN AUDIENCE WITH THE AMERICAN... NO MATTER HOW INNOCENT HE MAY APPEAR!

A SHORT WHILE LATER ... OUTSIDE THE PRISON ...



WHAT WANT YOU, OLD ONE?

I HAVE LEARNED THAT CITIZENS ARE NEEDED TO TESTIFY THAT THE ACCURSED YANKEE FLYING DEVIL KILLED INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN, AND BOMBED FARMS TO DESTROY THE CROPS!



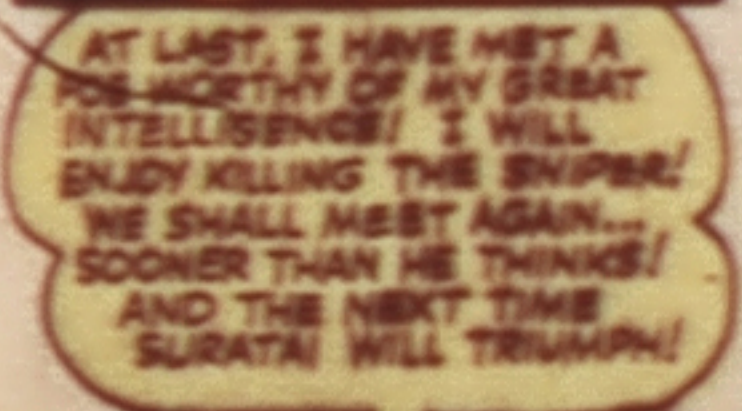
LET ME SEE THIS YANKEE OFFSPRING OF THE DEVIL! I WILL ACCUSE HIM TO HIS FACE OF THESE CRIMES!

COME THIS WAY OLD ONE!



FIRST, YOU MUST SEE SURATAI! HE IS EVIL MAN, WHO TRUSTS NO ONE! YOU NO BE AFRAID! HE NO LOOKING FOR ANCIENT ONE SAME LIKE YOU!





DAWN COMES TO MANILA... AND THE FAINT RUFFLE OF DRUMS IS HEARD THROUGH THE DEEPENING SHADOWS OF THE MILITARY PRISON...





IN FEW MINUTES I
COME BACK! THEN YOU
NOT BE INSULENT WHEN
FACE FIRING SQUAD!
ALL YANKEE AFRAID
MUCH OF TO DIE!



EVERYBODY IS AFRAID
OF DEATH! BUT I'LL
SHOW THEM THAT WE
AMERICANS CAN MEET
DEATH WITH A GRIN! ...
THESE JAPS WILL NEVER
SEE ME PLEAD FOR
MERCY!



FIRING SQUAD NOW HAS
ARRIVED! NOW IS
ALMOST DAWN!

DON'T FRET,
FAT FOOL!
I WILL LET
YOU KNOW
WHEN TIME
COMES!

YOU CALL ME
FAT FOOL!... I
WILL BREAK YOUR
NECK IN MY
TWO HANDS!



YOU
COULD NOT
TWIST THE
NECK OF
A CHICKEN,
WEAKLING!
... AND
SON OF
WEAKLING
ANCESTORS!



NOW YOU INSULT
MY ANCESTORS!
I WILL COME OUT
AND KILL YOU!



THANKS
FOR
OPENING
THE GATE,
SONNY
BOY!

UGH!

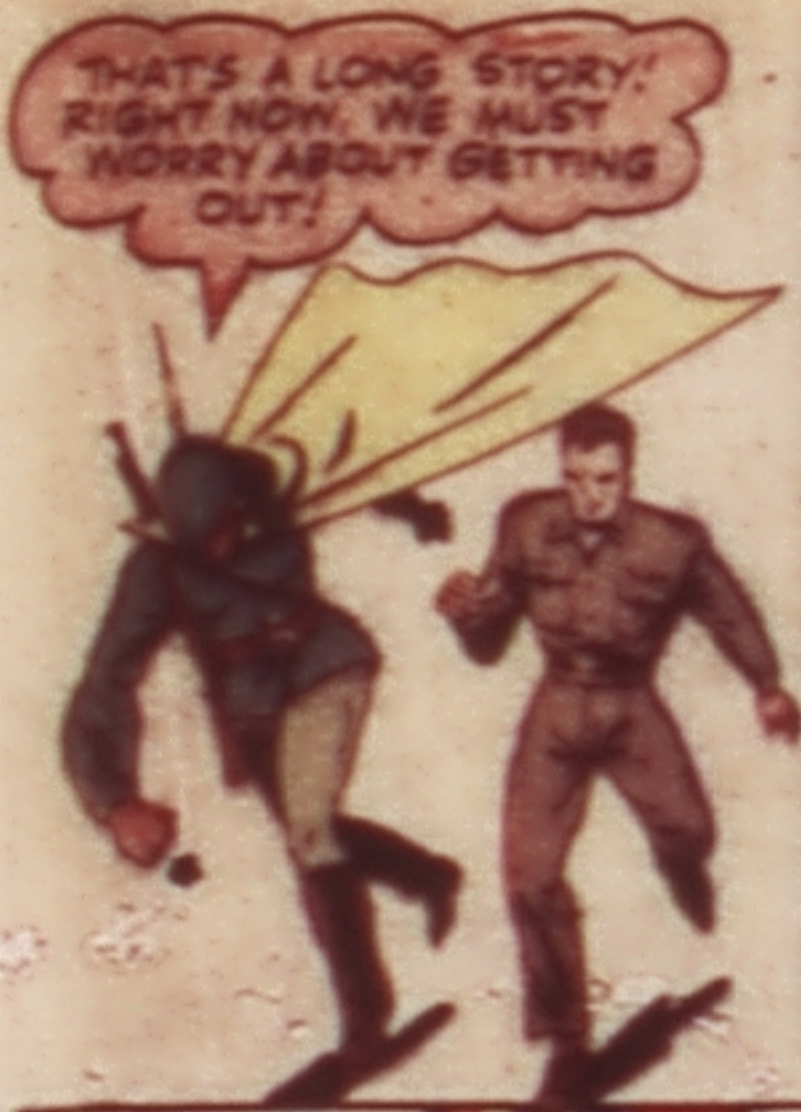


EVEN THE SNIPER
CAN'T GET THROUGH
STEEL BARS
WITHOUT HELP!



COME ON,
YANK! WE'VE
NO TIME TO
LOSE!

SNIPER!
HOW DID YOU
GET IN HERE?



THAT'S A LONG STORY!
RIGHT NOW, WE MUST
WORRY ABOUT GETTING
OUT!



ALL
ENTRANCES
AND EXITS
CHECKED.
HONORABLE
SURATAI!

MEANWHILE...
ARE YOU
CERTAIN THE
SNIPER MADE
NO ATTEMPT TO
ENTER THE PRISON?



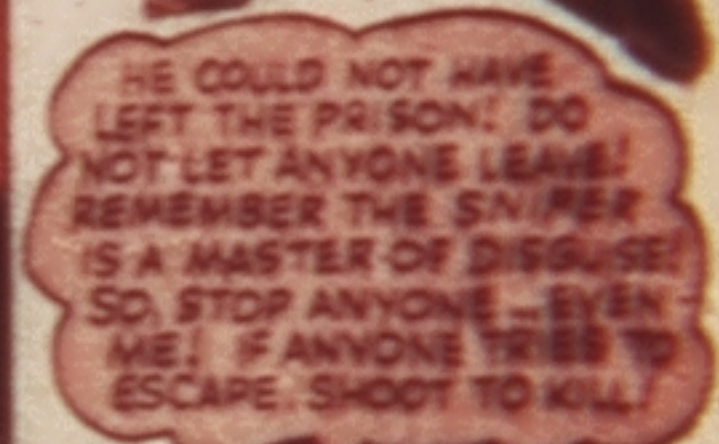
IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE
HE WOULD LET THE
AMERICAN FLYER
DIE WITHOUT
TRYING TO SAVE
HIM FROM THE
FIRING SQUAD
... WHAT IS
THAT NOISE?



IN NAME OF
EMPEROR!!
--IS FIRING
SQUAD!!

MMMPH!

THIS IS THE
SNIPER'S
WORK!



HE COULD NOT HAVE
LEFT THE PRISON! DO
NOT LET ANYONE LEAVE!
REMEMBER THE SNIPER
IS A MASTER OF DISGUISE!
SO, STOP ANYONE...EVEN
ME! IF ANYONE TRIES TO
ESCAPE, SHOOT TO KILL!



THIS TIME THE
SNIPER SHALL NOT
ESCAPE FROM
SURATAI!

THEY WON'T BE
WATCHING THE
ROOF! HURRY!

BUT
WE'LL BE
TRAPPED
UP HERE!



THIS
PRISON
OVERLOOKS
THE RIVER!
IT'LL BE A LONG
CHANCE, BUT
THERE'S NO
OTHER WAY.

THERE'S
THE ALARM!
THEY'RE AFTER
US!





TWIN HUMAN PROJECTILES
PLUNGE INTO THE RAGING
TORRENT BELOW THE PRISON.



IS THE EVIL SURATAI
REALLY DEAD? ... OR
WILL THE DEADLY ASSASSIN OF
THE BLACK DRAGON RETURN
TO PLAGUE THE SNIPER AGAIN?
... FOR SURATAI HAS TAKEN
THE OATH OF BLOOD... AND
ONLY THE SNIPER'S DEATH
WILL RELEASE HIM FROM
HIS BOND!!



JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

SO! AT LAST
I HAD CHANCE
TO QUESTION
AMERICAN
SOLDIER!

YES,
SIR!

FOR MONTHS HAD
I WAIT FOR DIS
OPPORTUNITY!

YES,
SIR!

HOW MANY MEN IN YOUR
FORCES? HOW MANY LIGHT
AND HEAVY TANKS?
HOW MANY
MORTARS—
75-MM. GUNS
AND HOWITZERS—
?? SPEAK
UP!

OH, I'D SAY
TEN—TWENTY—
A HUNDERT
THOUSAND
MEN,
GENERAL!

SIX TO SIXTY
TANKS—ONE, TWO,
EIGHT—NINETEEN OR
THIRTY-FIVE
HUNDERT 75-MM.
GUNS—AND SIX
OF ONE—A HALF
DOZEN OF
THE REST
SIR!

SO FAR—SO GOOD,
DUNKOPF!

YES, SIR!

UND NOW ... VON
THING MORE--

YES,
SIR--

OH--NOW--
VOT VAS IT
DOT LAST
LITTLE
ITEM?

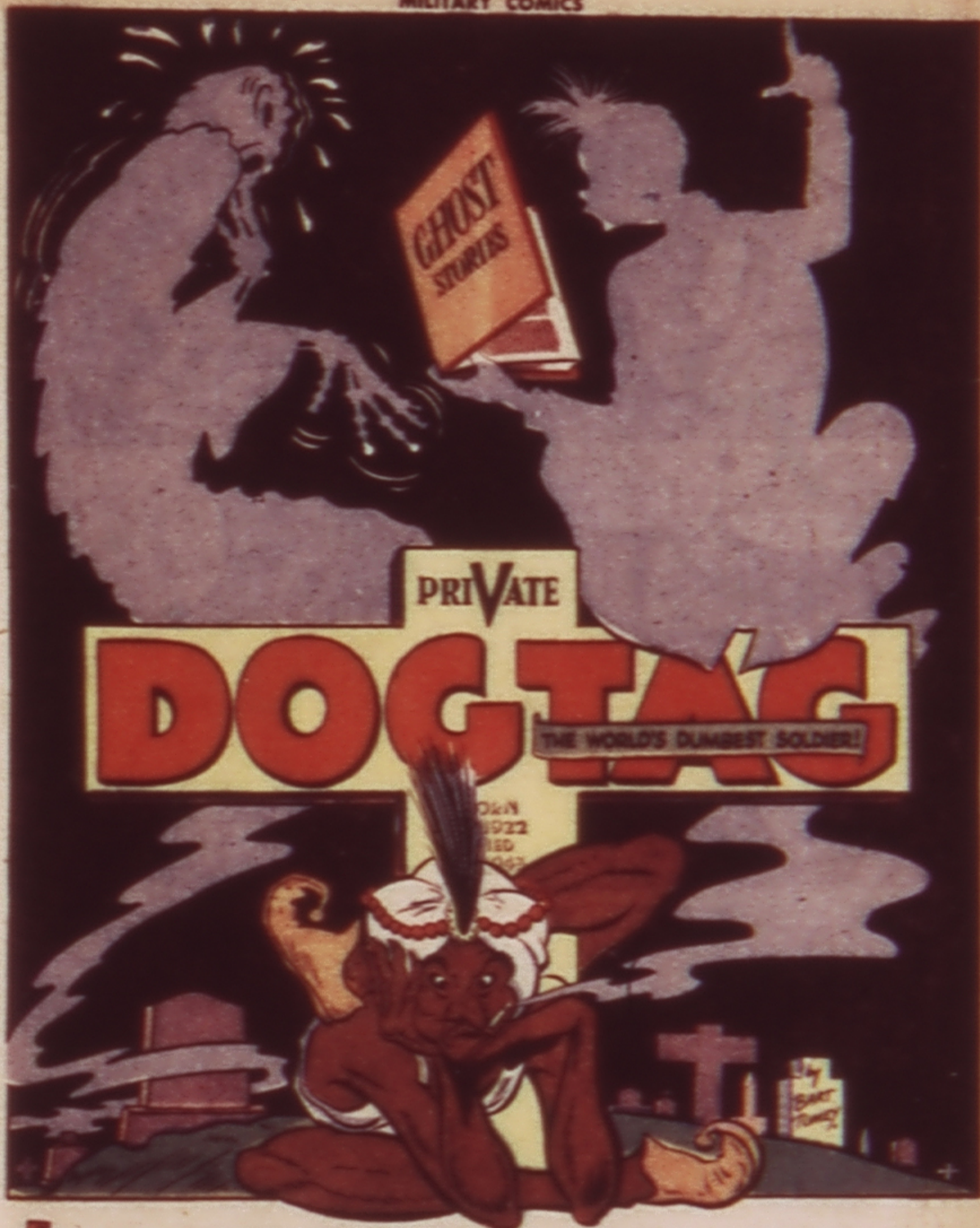
BAH! DIS ABSENT-MINDED
RODDEN MEMORY OF MINE!
--I FORGET!

MAYBE I
COULD
REMINDE
YOU,
GENERAL!

YOU HAPPEN TO BE
MY PRISONER!
NOT ME
YOURS!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
@ # * % #
% @ \$ % !!!

CONCENTRATION
CAMP



EVERYBODY KNOWS PRIVATE DOGTAG BELIEVES IN GHOSTS ---BUT THAT HE WOULD BE CRUELLY MURDERED (IN A HARMLESS MANNER) AND BECOME A GHOST HIMSELF ---NO ONE COULD FORESEE!! NO ONE, THAT IS, EXCEPT THAT MIGHTY MONARCH AND MATCHLESS MASTER OF MARVELOUS, MYSTICAL AND MAGICAL METHODS---THAT MAHARAJAH OF MUSCULAR MANIPULATIONS---THAT SIDESHOW SULTAN OF THE SIXTY-WAY STRETCH---THAT LOCAL---YOKEL---YOSH FROM INDIANA ---THAT BONE BENDER FROM SOUTH BEND---THAT FUGITIVE FROM HIS DRAFT BOARD, BACKA BOM BEY!!





COME ONE, COME ALL! SEE BACKA BOM BEY THE GREAT CONJUROR! (CHOKES) HAVE THIS MYSTIC MAN READ YOUR PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE! (CHOKES) (GASPS)

DASH IT, DIPPER! WE'LL NEVER DRAW A CROWD! YOU'RE TOO HOARSE WITH THAT COLD TO DO ANY YELLING--AND I CAN'T BALLYHOO MY OWN ACT!



IF WE DON'T GET A CROWD I CAN'T TELL FORTUNES AND YOU CAN'T PICK POCKETS! WE'LL STARVE!

LOOK! I'M GONNA PICK THAT GUY'S POCKET! WE GOTTA BAT!



DIPPER IS SO LIGHT-FINGERED HE CAN SLIDE HIS HAND INTO A HIP POCKET WITHOUT THE MAN EVER FEELING IT!



DIPS! A WOMAN!! THEY MUST BE MORE SENSITIVE THAT WAY!

FRESH!

OW! CRACK!



SLACKS!

WHIRL ME FOR DERVISH! A CUSTOMER!



GOSH! THE GREAT BACKA BOM BEY IN PERSON!

AH... PANTS WITH POCKETS!

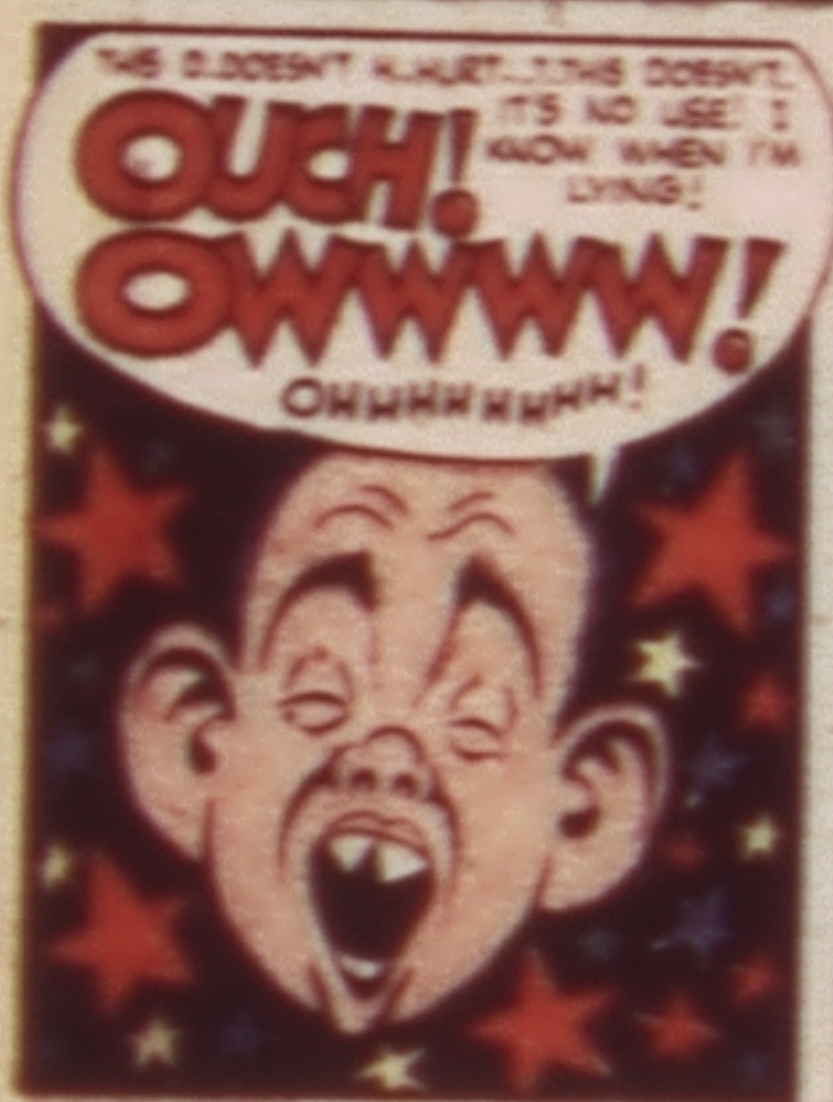
WE MUST MAKE A THOROUGH JOB OF THIS! HE MAY BE OUR ONLY CUSTOMER!



I'M PRIVATE DOSTAS, YOUR HIGHNESS! I WAS JUST WISHING I COULD DO SOME OF THESE SWELL STUNTS!

IT IS WRITTEN IN THE STARS--HE WHO ITIETH FOR KNOWLEDGE IS WORTHY TO BE SCRATCHED BY A KING!

HOLD HIS COAT, KABUL! I SHALL ENDEAVOR TO INSTRUCT THIS CALLOW YOUTH IN THE MYSTIC RITES OF YOGA



TEN MINUTES LATER...

NUTS!
ALL WE GOT OFF
THAT SOLDIER
WAS TWO BUCKS IN
CHANGE--AND THE CHIRO-
PRACTOR TOOK ALL OF
THAT FOR STRAIGHTEN-
ING OUT YOUR NECK!

WE MAY AS WELL RETURN THIS
GHOST STORY BOOK AND INSURANCE
POLICY TO THE LAD! WE CAN'T
EAT THEM!



HURRY!
I'LL STICK
EM BACK IN
HIS COAT!
HE'S COMING
TO!

THAT'S FUNNY! THIS BOY
HAS HIS LIFE INSURED
FOR \$10,000--BUT NO
BENEFICIARY IS SPECIFIED
TO RECEIVE THE MONEY!

THE POLICY
IS DATED
TODAY! HMM!
MOST IN-
TERESTING!



DOSTAG IS REVIVED AND...

GOSH! I
GUESS I
FAINED
FOR A
MINUTE!

DID IT
SEEM THAT
LONG? IT
WAS ONLY
A SECOND!

TO MAKE UP
FOR THIS
UNFORTUNATE
OCCURRENCE,
I SHALL TELL
YOUR FORTUNE
FREE!



FIRST I SHALL
READ YOUR
PAST!

AWH! I SEE
YOU IN THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY.
YOU ARE FOND
OF GHOST
STORIES!



THAT'S TRUE!
I LIKE
GHOST STORIES
MUCH BETTER
THAN FICTION!

KOFF! I
ALSO SEE YOU
BUYING LIFE
INSURANCE.
\$10,000 WORTH!



AMAZING!
I DID BUY
\$10,000 WORTH!
THE RATES WERE
SO LOW I
COULDN'T
RESIST!

AH, BUT WAIT!
WHO IS THE
BENEFICIARY OF
YOUR POLICY?
WHICH LOVED
ONE IS TO
RECEIVE THE
MONEY?



GOLLY! I
NEVER THOUGHT
OF THAT! I'M AN
ORPHAN!

DON'T LET THAT
WORRY YOU! I'LL
BE YOUR
BENEFICIARY!

NO! I INSIST
ON AIDING THIS
HOMELESS BOY! I'LL BE
HIS BENEFICIARY!



THAT'S AWFUL
NICE OF YOU,
BUT I COULDN'T
ASK SUCH A BIG
FAVOR-- YOU
HARDLY KNOW
ME!

BUT I FEEL LIKE
I'VE KNOWN YOU
FOR YEARS!

I WOULD
CONSIDER IT
NO FAVOR AT
ALL, OLD
PAL!





AFTER A TRIP TO THE INSURANCE OFFICE, DOSTAG RELINGS BOM BEY...

AH! EVERY THING IS IN ORDER NOW! AS YOUR BENEFICIARY I'D BETTER KEEP THIS POLICY!

SINCE I DON'T HAVE LONG TO LIVE, I'M GOING TO DO THE ONE THING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO MOST...

SOM'E I'M GONNA EAT ALL THE HAMBURGERS I CAN HOLD! I LOVE 'EM!



SOME FIVE POUNDS OF HAMBURGER, PLEASE!

I'LL FRY A BIG BATCH OF HAMBURGERS AND EAT 'EM BEFORE I GO ON DUTY TONIGHT!

WAS AT KET



THE GOVERNMENT IS BUILDING A DEFENSE PLANT DOWN BY THE RIVER...

I'M ON GUARD DUTY THERE TONIGHT, SO I MUST GO NOW!

DOWN BY THE RIVER! HOW INTERESTING!

BOM BEY AND 'DIPPER' FOLLOW DOSTAG TO HIS RIVER CAMP...

HE'S GOING FOR MORE DRIFTWOOD! SHALL WE PUSH HIM IN THE WATER AND HOLD HIM UNDER?

NO! I FOUND THIS DYNAMITE IN THE TOOL SHED! WE'LL BURY IT IN THE DIRT BENEATH HIS FIREWOOD!

THAT DOES IT! WHEN HE LIGHTS THE FIRE, THE DYNAMITE WILL GET HOT AND EXPLODE!

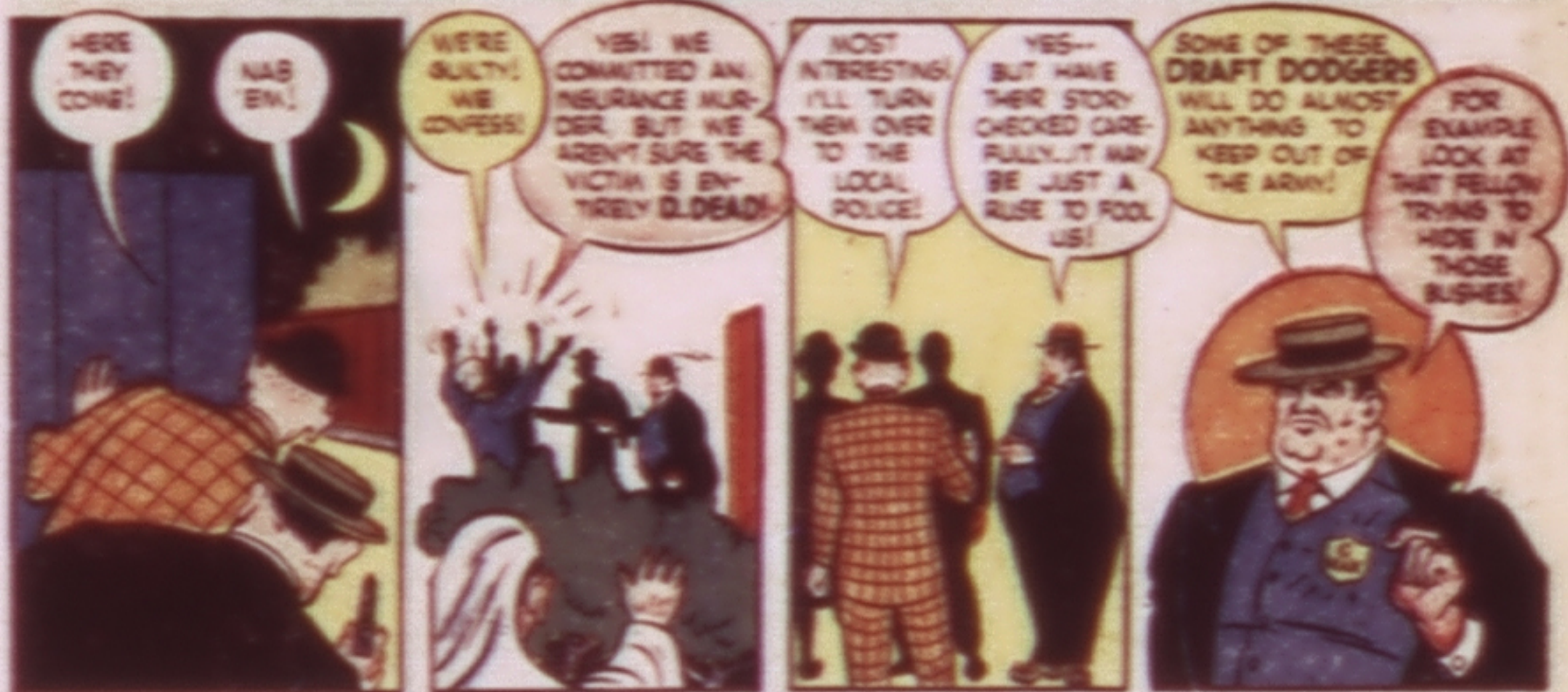
HURRY! HE'S COMING BACK!



BUT BEFORE DOSTAG REACHES THE WATER...

WHILE THE FIRE IS GETTING HOT, I'LL TAKE A DIP IN THE RIVER...





NAVY

STORIES OF NAUTICAL
ACTION AT SEA
*Section 2*PT
Boat

THE PT BOATS ARE ALL RIGHT
IN THEIR PLACE. I SAID THE
HERO OF THE SEAS. BUT THE
REAL WAR IS BEING WON IN
THE AIR! YOU BOYS ARE
STRICTLY SPEECHLESS!*

SO PERRY THOMAS AND
PAUL HARVEY, FIGHTING MEN
OF THE PT BOATS, SET OUT
TO PROVE HIM WRONG! AND
THEY ARE LED INTO THE MOST
THRILLING, TREASONING
ADVENTURE OF THEIR CAREERS!







A FEW HOURS LATER...

LIEUTENANT WATKINS, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET TWO OF MY BEST MEN, ENSIGNS TOBIAS AND HARVEY! I BELIEVE YOU'VE MET BEFORE!



WATKINS PILOTED THE PLANE THAT CAME TO YOUR AID THIS AFTERNOON!



THANKS, FELLA! THAT WAS A GREAT PIECE OF SHOOTING!

I MUST THANK YOU! THAT JAP I KNOCKED OFF WAS MY TWENTIETH! IT MAKES ME TOP MAN IN MY SQUADRON!



MIND YOU, WE'D HAVE GOT THOSE JAPS OURSELVES! WE DIDN'T NEED YOUR HELP!

BUT PT BOATS CAN'T FIGHT OFF PLANES!



THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY! -- ONE PT BOAT CAN HANDLE A WHOLE SQUADRON OF PLANES -- AND "KAYO" A HEAVY BOMBER FOR DESSERT!

NONSENSE! THIS WAR'S IN THE AIR! -- YOU FELLOWS ARE JUST A SIDE-SHOW!



CALL ME A FREAK, WILL YA?



TAKE IT EASY, PERRY! HE SAID NO SUCH THING!



HE SAID I BELONGED IN A SIDESHOW, DIDN'T HE?

OF COURSE NOT, AND BESIDES, HE'S OUR GUEST! YOU CAN'T GO PICKING FIGHTS WITH EVERYBODY WHO DOESN'T THINK THE PT BOATS ARE RUNNING THIS WAR!







THAT'S
LIEUTENANT
WATKINS'
PLANE!

HE'S AFTER
THAT JAP
CARRIER
PLANE!

THE GRIM SEARCH BEGINS. A PT
BOAT AND A PLANE TRACKING
DOWN A JAP MAMMOTH OF THE SEA!



SUDDENLY... AS THE PT BOAT RACES
OUT OF A NARROW CHANNEL...



THERE
SHE IS!



WOW! SHE'S ABOUT
A HUNDRED TIMES THE
SIZE OF THIS TUB! BUT WE'LL
CUT HER DOWN TO
OUR SIZE!

THE HOSTILE PT BOAT IS SEEN, AND
A PLANE TAKES OFF FROM THE
JAPANESE CARRIER'S FLIGHT DECK...



KEEP
FEEDING
IT TO
'EM!



GET SET!
HERE SHE
COMES!

AVE, AVE,
SIR!



MISSING AND SMOKING, THE JAP PLANE PLUNGES INTO THE OCEAN ONLY A FEW YARDS BEYOND THE PT BOAT!



PINCH ME! ... I WANT TO KNOW IF I'M STILL ALIVE!

WHEW! I WAS SHAKING HANDS WITH OLD ST. PETER HIMSELF!



AS THE PT BOAT RACES IN TO THE ATTACK, OTHER JAP PLANES TAKE OFF FROM THE FLIGHT DECK!...



I HOPE WE GET IN CLOSE ENOUGH TO LET GO WITH A TORPEDO!





STRAIGHT AND TRUE TO THE MARK SPEEDS THE TORPEDO, AND THE MASSIVE CARRIER REELS FROM THE EXPLOSION!



THAT CARRIER WON'T BE MOVING ANYWHERE WITH THAT HOLE IN HER SIDE!

SHE'LL BE COLD MEAT FOR OUR PLANES TO FINISH OFF! BUT IT'S NOT HEALTHY FOR US TO HANG AROUND ANY LONGER!



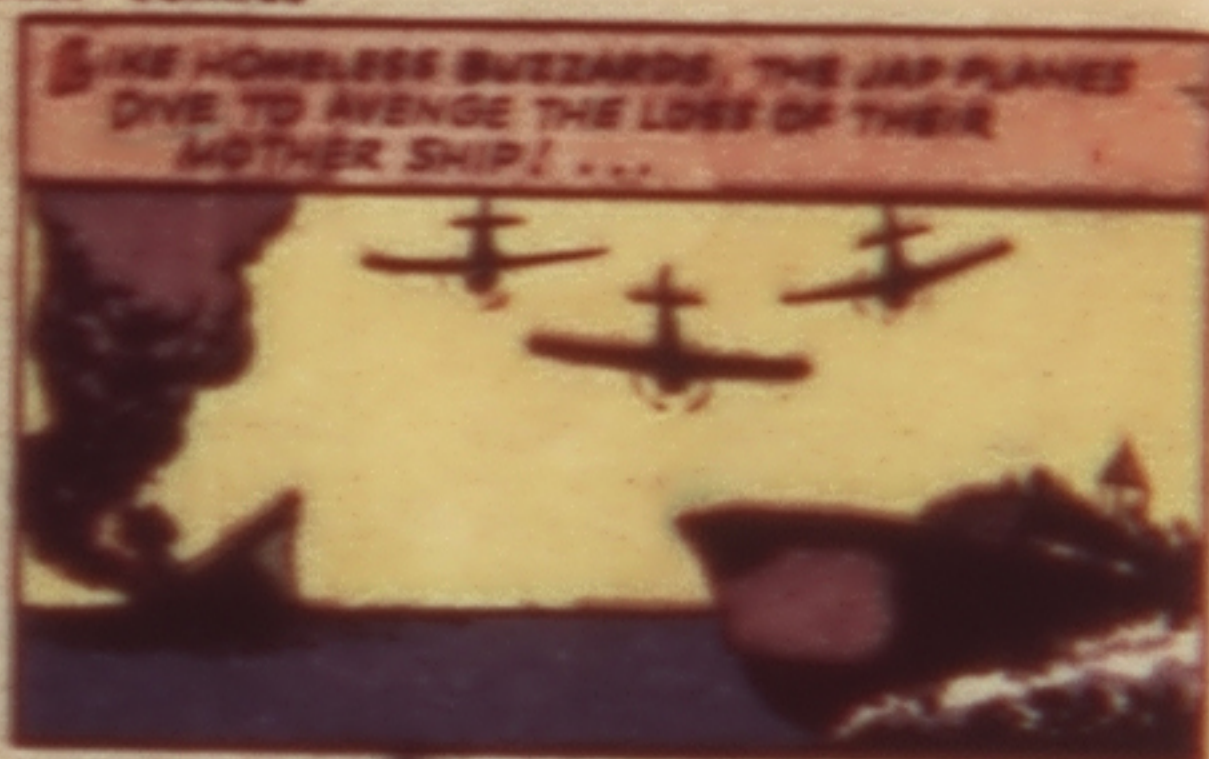
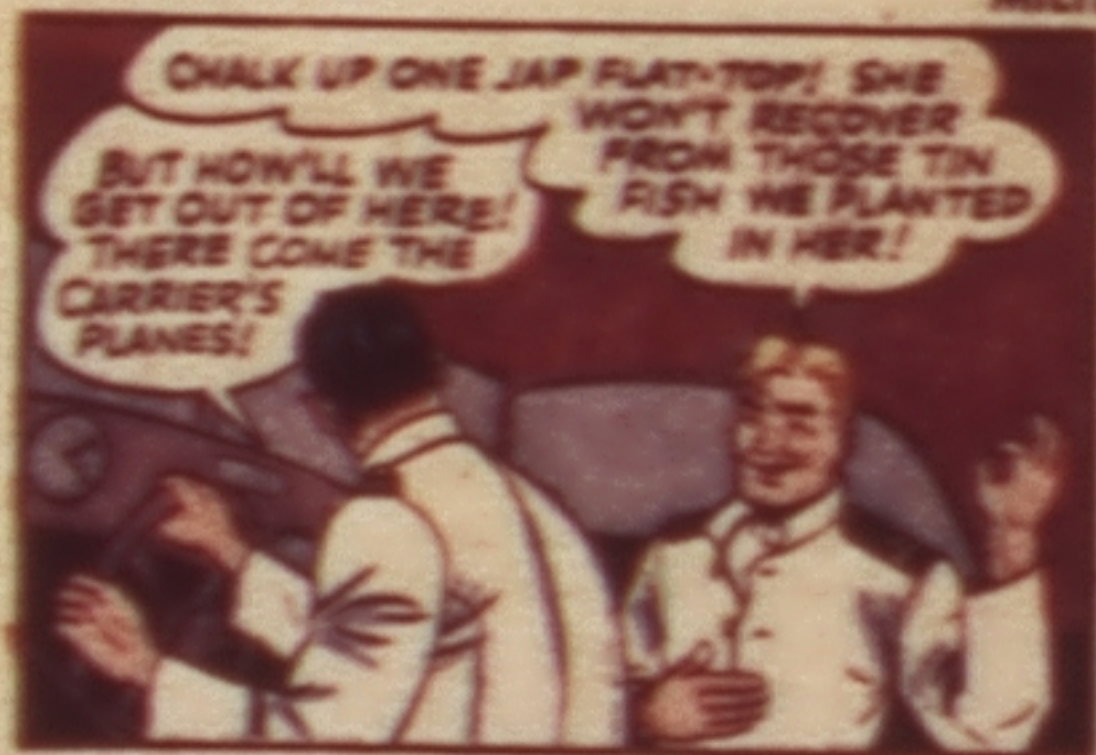
I'M NOT GOIN' TO LET ANY PLANES TAKE CREDIT FOR THIS JOB! WE'RE GOIN' BACK TO FINISH THAT CARRIER!

YOU MUST BE CRAZY!

THROUGH A HURRICANE OF HOT METAL, PERRY TOBIAS LEADS THE PT BOAT BACK INTO BATTLE! ...



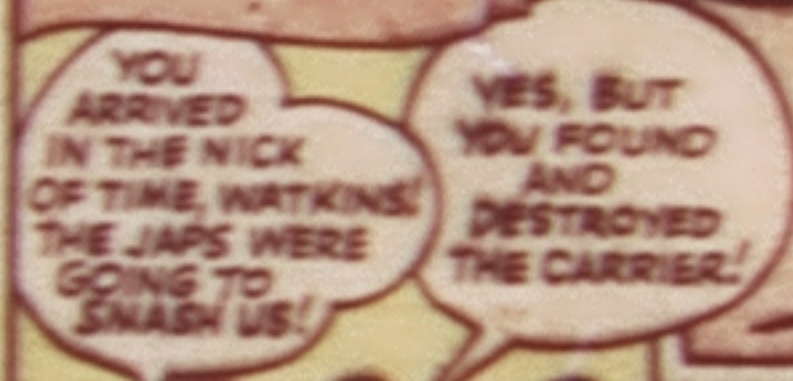
STRIKE TWO! SHE'S OUT!



WHEN OUT OF THE SKIES ABOVE ... PLUMMETS A U.S. NAVY PURSUIT PLANE!



LATER... AT THE NAVAL BASE...



I'VE UNDERESTIMATED YOU FELLOWS! YOU'RE REALLY GOOD! AND THOSE PT BOATS CAN FIGHT!



CURSE of the CHIMUS

THE ancient ruins loomed up in the moonlight like a city of white-robed ghosts. For uncounted centuries it had stood thus, deserted, haunt of bats and wild animals—and the unhappy ghosts of a long-dead people.

The Chimus! From whence they came or where they departed, nobody knows. They had been an intelligent, artistic race back in the dim dawn of history. They had left exquisite handiwork and art objects, attesting to their high culture. Then one tragic day the savage Incas had poured down out of the hills and set upon the innocent Chimus, slaughtering them like cattle. They had pillaged and destroyed.

That was the beginning of the end for the Chimu race. For years the war had gone on, the Incas eventually exterminating every Chimu extant.

This city, one of the few ever discovered by white men, was situated in the Latin American jungles of Guatemala. It was thought by those few scientists who had checked the discoverer's records to be the largest of the Chimu cities, and probably the most important. Of course, that was problematical, since there had been no other ruins found. There had once been hundreds of thousands of Chimus. Their cities had dotted a vast territory. Now the jungle shrouded them, guarding their secrets.

Gale Holmes, archaeologist for Columbia University, stood before the huge Temple of the Sun and gazed in awed rapture at this beautiful work of architectural art. Towering columns of white stone rose a hundred feet from massive bastions. Several of the columns were broken. A heavy growth of jungle creepers almost obliterated all traces of the fabulous city. In several sections of the square, trees shot up through the roofs of buildings.

Holmes' exploring party was small, consisting of scientists and a photographer. He had discovered the ruined city a year before, while flying low looking for orchids. A fragment of white stone spire projecting above the jungle gave him the lead. He landed a mile from the city in an open space and with his co-pilot hacked a path back through the tangled jungle. They had spent two days in the city, taking pictures and making voluminous notes. Then they had flown back to the States and at Columbia it was decided to put Holmes in charge of an exploration party.

Now they were again standing in the midst of vast antiquity. And Gale Holmes was elated. This was the sort of thing archaeologists live for. However, just making the discovery is never enough. Gale's job was to trace something of the history and origin of the Chimus. And he meant to put forth every effort acquiring some glory for himself and party.

The party cleared a campsite in the center of the city square, which was a quarter-mile across, and pitched their tents. They conducted the entire operation by the bright moonlight. There was a small stream fifty yards from the square, which had at one time fed a fountain in the square. Later they were to discover that this stream was carried from the nearby mountains by a very serviceable aqueduct, somewhat similar to those used by the ancient Romans.

The next morning they began a systematic search of the ruins. They were held back considerably by the thick tangle of lianas and weeds that filled the city, but by digging, they came across many interesting objects. Here, the photographer, shot both stills and movies of the operations.

It was three days later that one

of the party—Raoul Marquis didn't show up for breakfast. They went to his tent. It was vacant. His belongings were intact.

"Where the dickens do you suppose Raoul has traipsed off to?" one of the men asked. "It's not like him."

Gale shouted the man's name several times, but there was no answer. They began a search of the ruins and spent most of the day, but of Marquis there was no sign. He had simply vanished. Naturally, there were no tracks visible in the hard stone of the square.

It was a blow that stunned the other members, but still they had work to do, and Raoul Marquis' absence didn't halt them. During the next few days they cleared a way into the Temple of the Sun, and were amazed at the gorgeous architecture and fescos on the walls. Gale deciphered many of the writings, which, although interesting from a historical viewpoint, still did not reveal anything of the origin of the Chimus. There was one series of hieroglyphs above a lofty doorway that intrigued every member of the party. Translated, it read:

ENTER YE NOT THE SACRED
PORTALS OF THIS OR DEATH
IS THY LOT

"What do you think of that, Professor Mullen?" Gale said. "We're treading on tabu ground evidently."

Mullen grinned. "Science has been treading on tabu ground since the dawn of civilization," he stated. "Of course, if you're thrown by some ancient curse, maybe you'd better think twice before—"

"Baloney!" interrupted Gale, laughing. "We're going to sack the Chimus stronghold more thoroughly than the Incas did."

The throne room of the temple was a thing of dazzling beauty, with scroll work and huge golden vessels everywhere.

"Why, there's a fortune in gold in here," Hese said. "Look at that urn, it must weigh a half ton."

"Solid gold, too, if I'm any judge," Travers, a biologist, said.

The next morning Professor Mullen didn't show up for breakfast. His tent too was bare, except for his personal belongings. Another day spent in searching for the absconding prof revealed no clue of him. The thing now became a terrible situation. People didn't just go off in this fashion and never show up again.

"We'll have to post a guard every night," Gale said. "Good heavens, we can't tell who's next. What do you think is responsible?"

"Maybe," said Travers. "It is the curse."

"Nonsense," Gale said. But somehow a strange premonition settled upon him. For a moment he decided that to abandon their scheme was the only thing to do. Put to a vote, however, his idea was vetoed. They would each stand guard taking turns.

"I'll stand tonight," Travers said. "If those chaps were sleep-walkers, which they might have been for all I know, I'll certainly be able to stop the next one."

Travers was gone the next morning. He had taken up his post the night before at about 10:30. He had been wide awake, having drunk three cups of coffee. "Enough to keep me awake all night," he had explained. Now he was gone. It was ghostly. Mysterious. Unexplainable.

The thing put a damper on their work. Three valuable scientists vanishing in the midst of a ruined city was something that might happen in a weird tale, but hardly in the middle of the Guatemala jungle among modern men. But it had happened.

Gale Holmes decided on a move that night which should trap the "ghost" stealing his scientists. He explained to Hese that they would set up several cameras, facing different directions, with flash attachments, and both of them would remain awake. They would conceal themselves and watch. If animal or man was responsible, then they might catch a film record of the creature. Gale also intended shooting whatever might appear. If anything did. Because he felt on one hand that the men had wandered off on their own and got trapped by something, and on the other hand that man had something to do with the strange disappearances.

The night passed without mishap, nor did Gale and Hese have an opportunity to take any pictures of nocturnal prowlers.

Gale spent almost all of the next day catching up on his notes, while Hese developed what pictures he had taken. The other members of the party made a tour of the limits of the city, hacking part of the way with machetes. They saw nothing human, and returned to camp that evening dog-tired.

Gale suggested that they continue operations in the Temple of the Sun the next day. They set off early in the morning and began a thorough search of the main moth throne room. There was a balcony running around part of the room, about thirty feet above the main floor. On their first entrance they had seen no stairway to this balcony, but this time Gale spotted it—a narrow flight of stone steps leading up behind the throne. It was in heavy shadow.

James Wilson was in the lead when they started up the steps. It was he that discovered the small bronze door at the end of the balcony. "Look!" he shouted, and made straight for it. It seemed to open easily under the pressure of his hand. He stepped inside with his flashlight turned on. Gale was just behind him. He took only two steps and fell forward, soundlessly.

"Wait!" ordered Gale. "Some-

thing's happened to Wilson." Then Gale was conscious of a sweetish smell. Suddenly it struck him—the odor of a deadly gas. He waved the others back. "Get going!" he said. "That room is filled with poison gas. We'll have to get masks."

They returned to the balcony from camp an hour later and put on their masks. The door was closed now.

Leading the way, Gale stepped through the dark portal. His flashlight revealed a weird sight. Four dead men lay sprawled on the floor. Wilson was stretched across the supine figure of Travers. Marquis and Prof. Mullen lay close by. But that was not all. The floor of the room—it was about forty feet square—was littered with skeletons. They were stacked in heaps in some places. Near the middle of the room was a stone dais and on top of this stood a gold casket. The casket was filled with sapphires and emeralds. And hovering over it loomed a gigantic two-headed snake carved in gold. Evidently a god of the Chimus.

"Poor chaps," said Gale. "They must have spotted the stairway the first time we came in here, but none of them said anything about it. Each of them, it appears, had the same idea—to find out what lay behind the bronze door."

Hese said, "I guess those old priests had a sound idea when they carved that inscription above the door of the throne room."

Gale nodded. "It's hard for cold-blooded science to accept such things, but certainly in this case it proved tragically true. Of course, none of the victims knew what had happened to the others, until it was too late. That gas acts almost instantly, paralyzing every muscle. Death comes within seconds."

"The curse of the Chimus," said Hese. "Is nothing to be sneezed at. But I for one am not leaving that pile of sparklers for the ghosts!"

THE ATLANTIC PATROL



U-BOAT ON THE RIGHT, SIR!

WE'LL GET HER!

AN AMERICAN FLYING FORTRESS, CAPTAINED BY FLYING OFFICER WILLIAM KNOWLES, IS ASSIGNED TO THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COASTAL COMMAND.

BOMBS AWAY!



WE GOT HER!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

LOOK! A CRIPPLED MERCHANTMAN!

AND A U-BOAT STALKING HER! PREPARE TO BOMB IT!



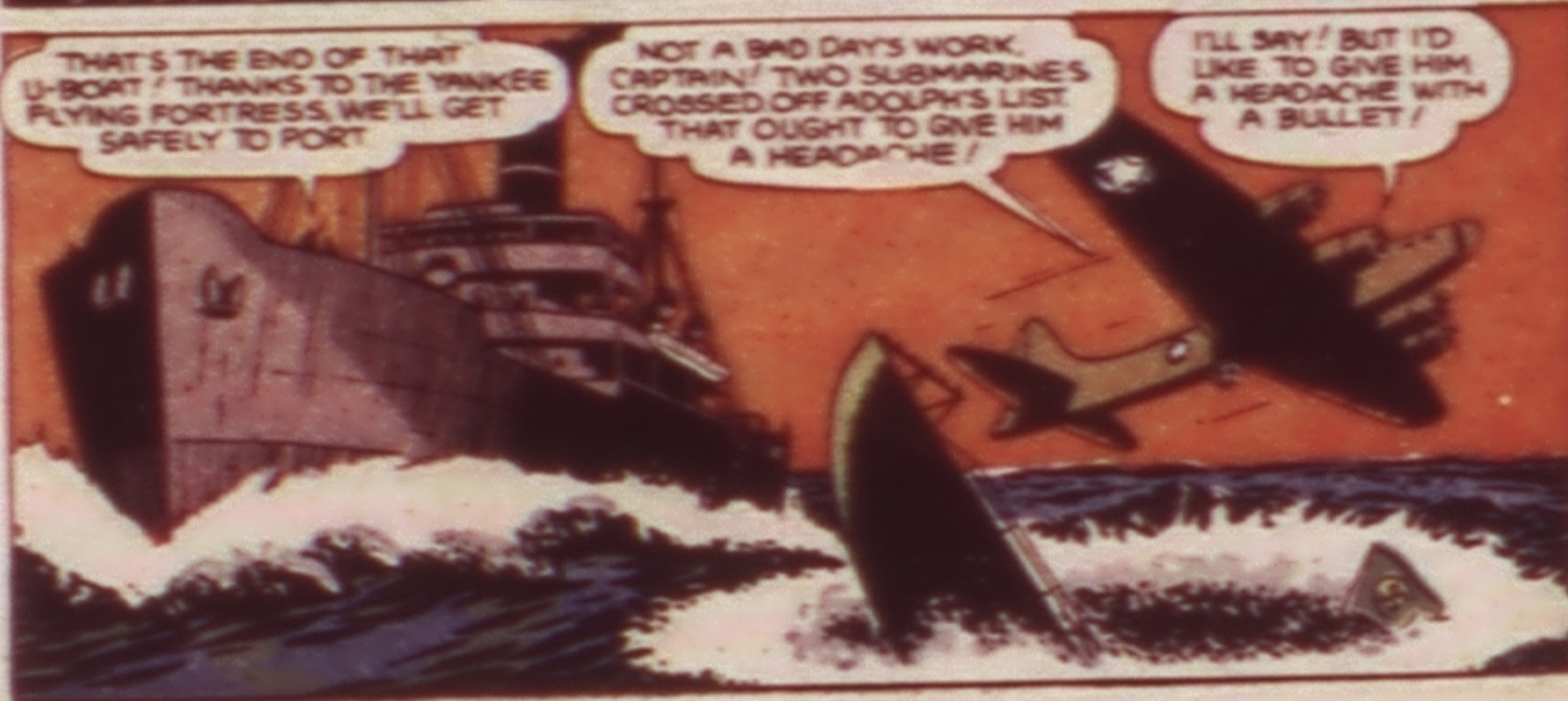
A HIT! RIGHT AHEAD OF THE SWIRL FROM ITS CONNING TOWER!

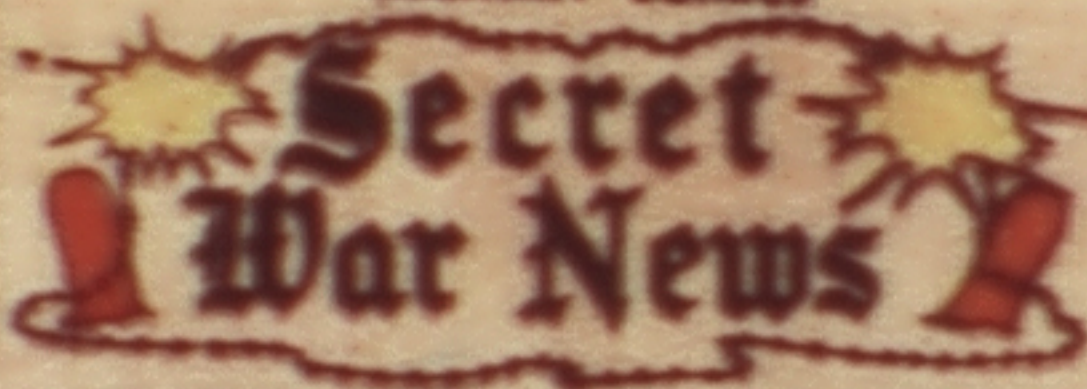


THAT'S THE END OF THAT U-BOAT! THANKS TO THE YANKEE FLYING FORTRESS, WE'LL GET SAFELY TO PORT.

NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK, CAPTAIN! TWO SUBMARINES CROSSED OFF ADOLPH'S LIST. THAT OUGHT TO GIVE HIM A HEADACHE!

I'LL SAY! BUT I'D LIKE TO GIVE HIM A HEADACHE WITH A BULLET!





This is an actual story based upon reliable facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureau

U. S. BATTLESHIP SMASHES JAP AIR AND SEA ARMADAS



In the southwest Pacific, an American dreadnaught commanded by Captain L. Gatch, U. S. N., fought off the heaviest air attack ever directed against a battleship and shot down at least 32 Jap warplanes including an entire squadron of 20 Baku-99 dive bombers. In this action Captain Gatch was wounded in the neck by shrapnel.

Three weeks later the Yank man-of-war engaged a numerically superior Japanese fleet off Guadalcanal and in a fierce gun duel at close quarters, the American gunners sunk 2 Nip battleships, 5 cruisers, 2 destroyers, and several other ships which could not be accounted for in the smoke of battle.

For reasons of Naval secrecy, Military Comics is withholding the name of the American ship and it will be referred to as Battleship X, but it can be revealed that Captain Gatch's crew of 5 "shooting fools" was made up almost entirely of reservists and "boots"!



WITH CAPTAIN BATCH IN COMMAND, BATTLESHIP X, ONE OF THE NEWEST AND MOST FORMIDABLE OF THE AMERICAN SHIPS OF THE LINE, SETS OUT ON HER MISSION OF ESCORTING AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.



SIXTY PERCENT OF THE CREW ARE "BOOTS" WITH ONLY A FEW MONTHS NAVY TRAINING... MANY COME FROM THE BACKWOODS!

SHUCKS! AH NEVER EVEN SEED A TELEPHONE TILL I JOINED THE NAVY, BUT BACK IN THE HILLS WHERE AH HAIL FROM WE'UNS IS ALL CRACK SHOTS / AINT WE, RASCAL?!



WE'RE GETTING NEARER TO THE JAP BASES, SIR!

YES / EVERY MOMENT BRINGS US CLOSER TO THE TESTING TIME. NEITHER MY SHIP NOR MY BOOTS HAVE BEEN IN ACTION YET!



HERE THEY COME, SIR / 20 BAKU-99 DIVE BOMBERS!

FIRE WHEN READY! AND TELL THE CREW TO GET THE ENEMY FIRST OR THEY'LL GET YOU!



IN A SPURT SECOND THE SKY IS FILLED WITH AN UNBELIEVABLE AMOUNT OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE.

I DON'T SEE HOW A PLANE CAN LIVE THROUGH THAT!



A BAKU IS HIT!





WE GOT ANOTHER-

AND ANOTHER!

LOOK AT 'EM FALL!

NOT ALL THE PLANES ARE HIT ON THE WAY IN...



AT A GUN POSITION MANNED BY 11 NEGRO SAILORS, 8 OF THEM ARE WOUNDED BUT THEY NEVER STOP FIRING...



NEVER MIND MY WOUNDS! PASS THE AMMUNITION!

BUT NOT ONE JAP PLANE GETS AWAY!



ALTHOUGH FIRST CLASS GUNNER'S MATE CHATELAIN IS MORTALLY WOUNDED, HE FIGHTS ON TO THE END WITHOUT A SINGLE WORD OF COMPLAINT

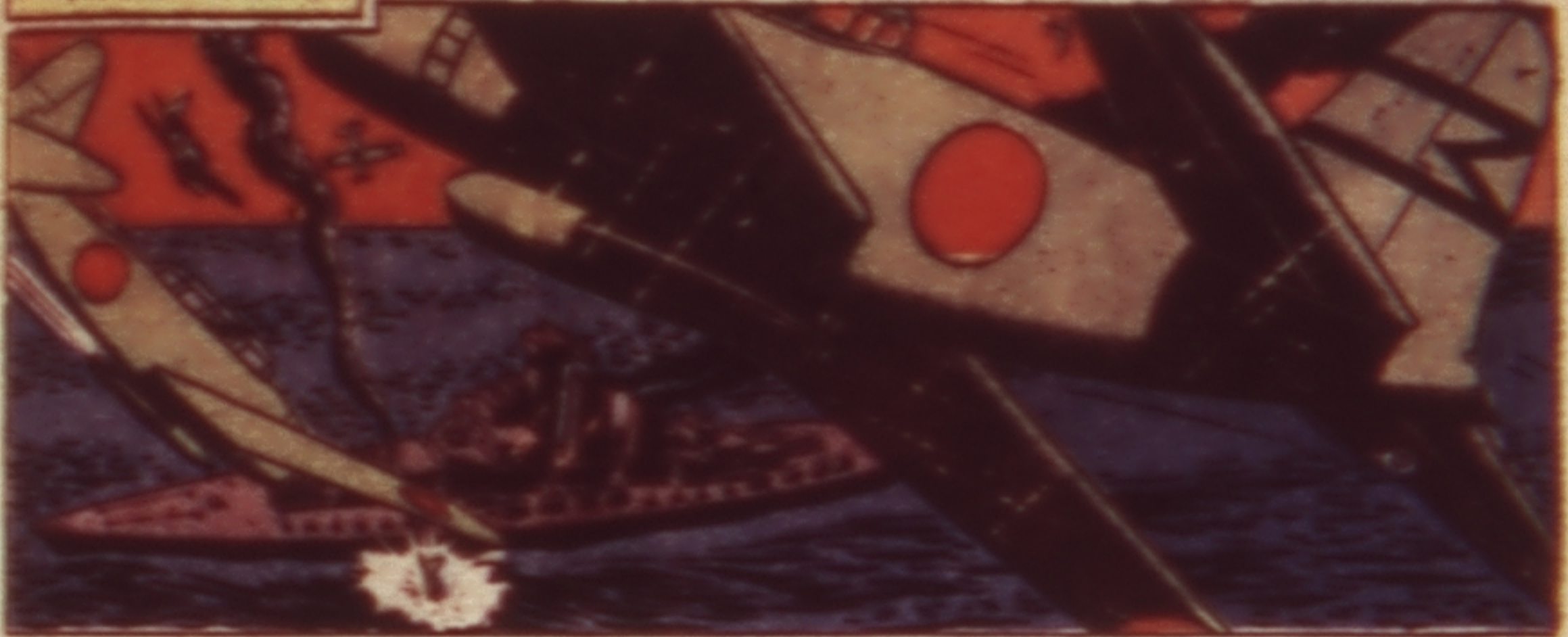


WE GOT THEM ALL, BUT HERE COMES SOME OTHERS!

KOGEEKI TORPEDO PLANES... OH, OH! ABOUT 40 OF 'EM!



THE TORPEDO PLANES MEET A HOT RECEPTION AND ARE FORCED TO LET THEIR "FISH" GO FAR FROM THE TARGET....



BUT ONE JAP KEEPS ON COMING IN....



HERE IT COMES!

MISSED! BY ONLY 40 FEET!



THE THIRD JAP ATTACK CONTAINS TWENTY-FOUR PLANES... BOTH DIVE BOMBERS AND TORPEDO CARRIERS.



LOOK AT HIS PLANE - IT'S NOTHING BUT RIBBONS OF TWISTED METAL!

HE MUSTA LET THE "FISH" GO WITH HIS DYING GASP!





THAT SHOOTING TAKES THE UTMOST IN COOLHEADEDNESS AND ACCURACY.

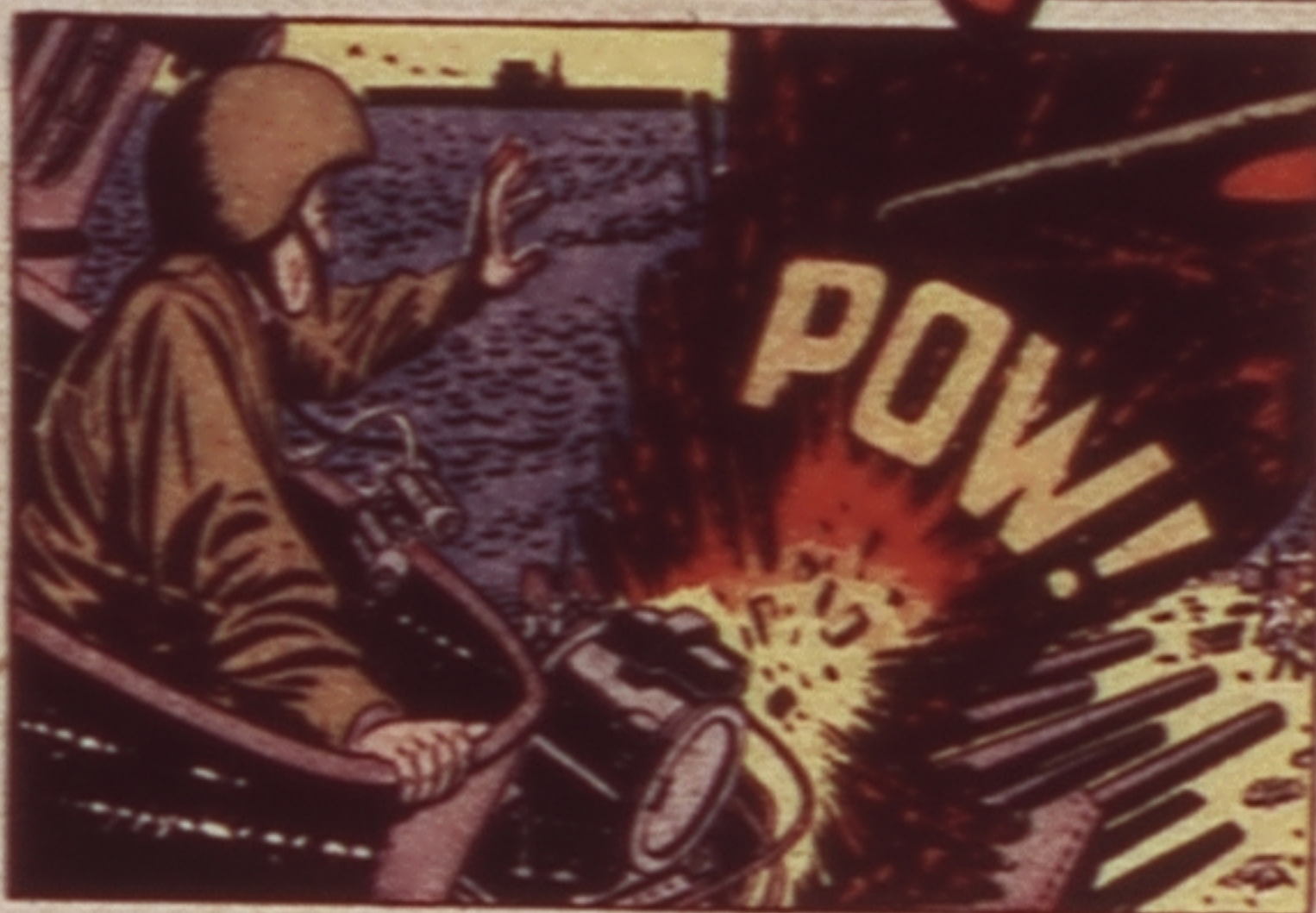
WE GOT THE YELLOW BELLED SWINE!

THAT'S AN INSULT TO A SWINE!

VERTICAL DIVING PLANES ARE SMASHED HEAD ON AND FALL BLAZING INTO THE SEA...



AS IN THE OTHER ATTACKS, A SINGLE JAP GETS THROUGH AND DROPS A 500 POUND BOMB 100 FEET ABOVE THE FORECASTLE!



CAPTAIN GATCH'S JUGULAR VEIN IS SEVERED, BUT CHIEF QUARTERMASTER ZEIGLER SAVES HIS LIFE BY APPLYING DIGITAL PRESSURE TO STAUNCH THE FLOW OF BLOOD... THE SHIP'S SURGEONS THEN TAKE OVER...



HE WILL RECOVER, BUT HIS LEFT ARM WILL BE TEMPORARILLY PARALYZED.

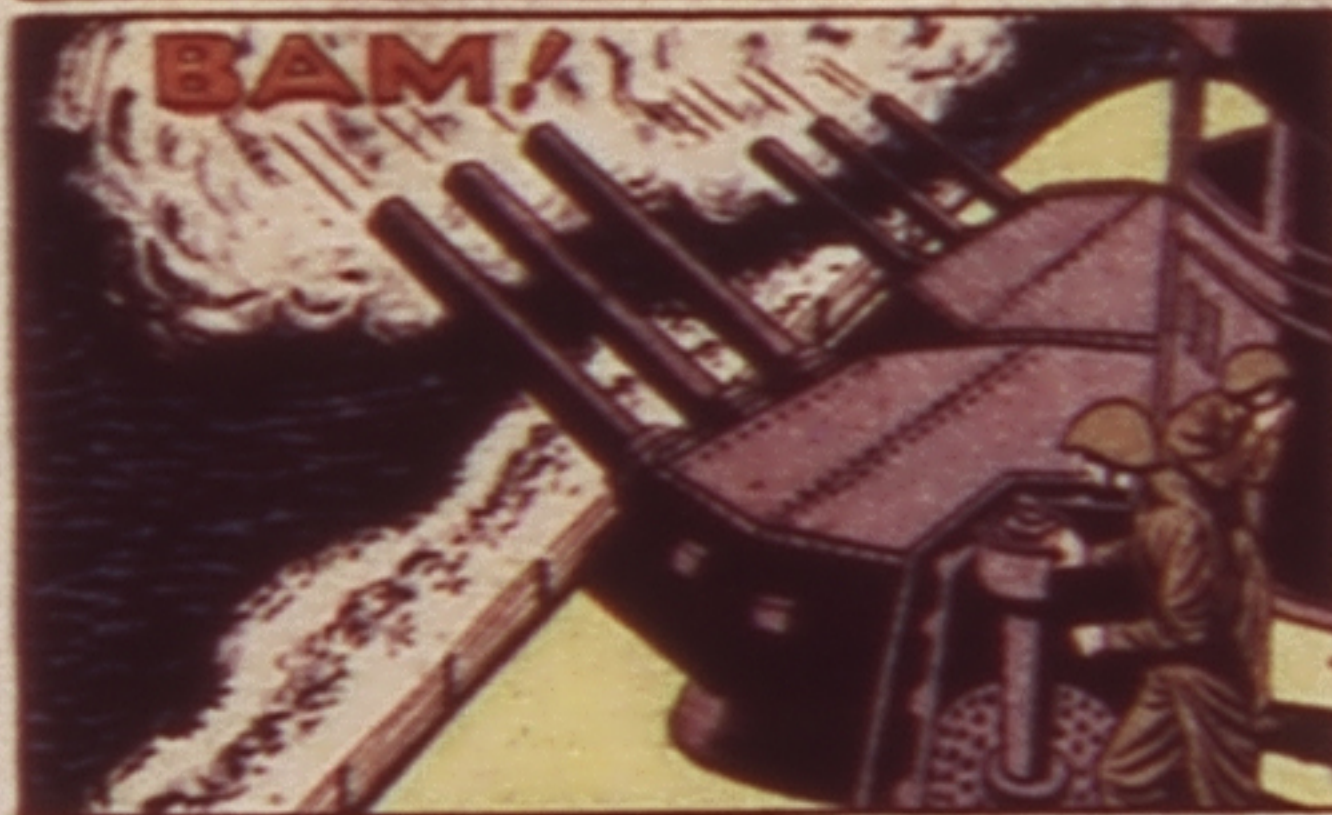


THEY'VE GONE! WE WON! AND ALTHOUGH A LOT OF OUR MEN WERE HIT, OUR SHIP'S OKAY!

A FEW WEEKS LATER, BATTLESHIP X, WITH CAPTAIN GATCH RECOVERED AND IN COMMAND, STEAMS TOWARD A JAP FLOTILLA LURKING OFF GUADALCANAL.



AT 8 MILE RANGE, THE 16 INCH GUN'S LET GO WITH A SHATTERING ROAR...



STRANGE SHIPS TO THE EAST, SIR. IF THEY ARE JAPS THEY ARE UNAWARE OF OUR PRESENCE!

THE ADMIRAL SAYS TO FIRE WHEN READY AND I SAY FIRE WHEN YOU GET A TARGET!



THE FIRST SALVO HITS AND THE JAP BATTLESHIP SIMPLY DISINTEGRATES!



THERE'S AN ENEMY CRUISER 5 MILES ASTERN!



HERE'S A SHELL WITH HER NAME ON IT!



WE GOT HER!

FINALLY RECOVERING FROM THEIR SURPRISE, THE JAPS BEGIN TO FIND THE RANGE WITH THEIR GUNS.

GOSH! WE'RE SURE IN A FIGHT!

YEAH! THE DECKS ARE SLIPPERY WITH BLOOD... WE BETTER THROW MORE SAND AROUND!



高気
是だ!

日本!

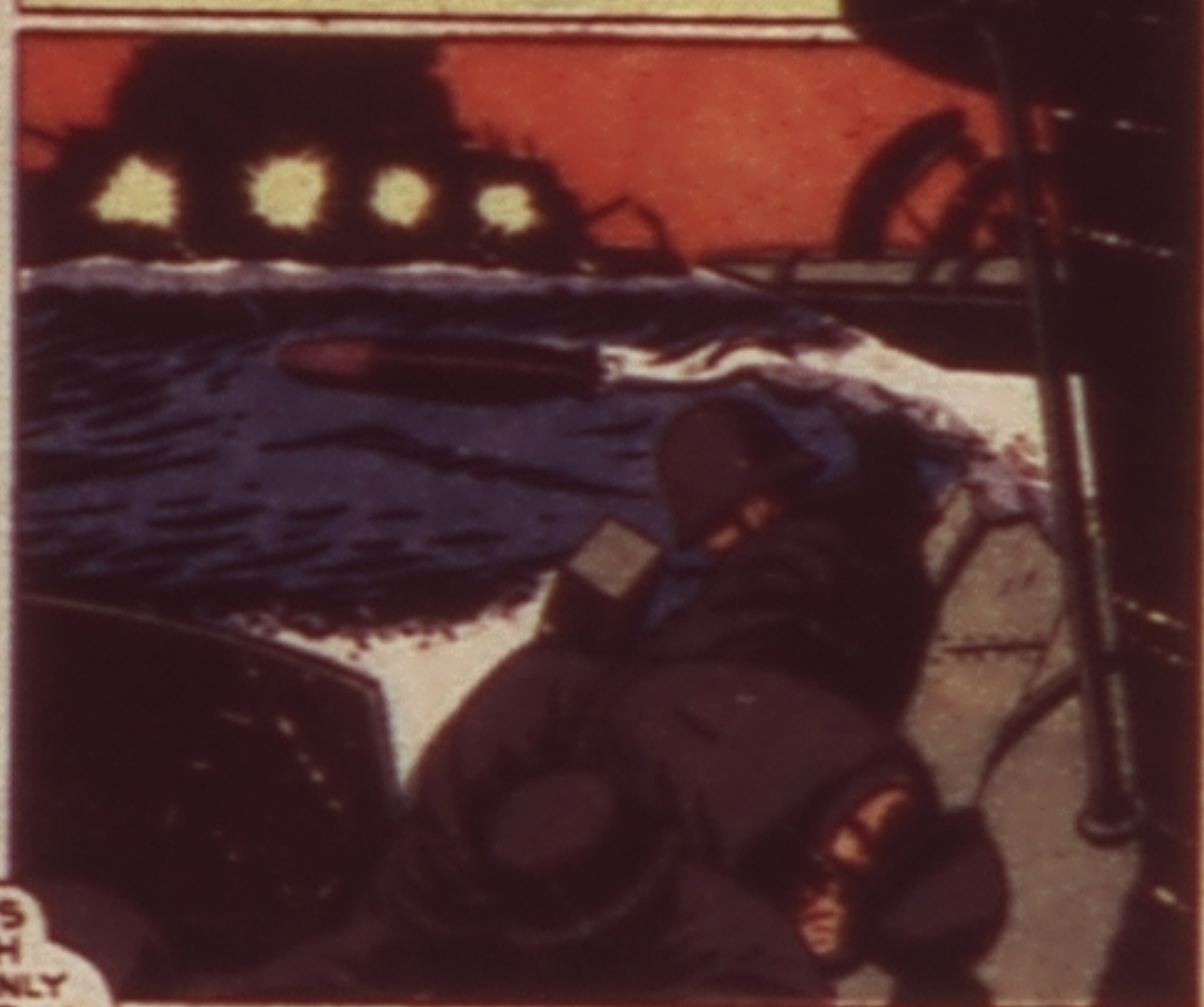


WE FINALLY GOT THOSE TWO CRUISERS! THEY CERTAINLY POURED IT INTO US FOR A WHILE!

WE CUT EM BOTH IN HALF WITH OUR SALVOS!



SUDDENLY A JAP DESTROYER SLIPS WITHIN TORPEDO RANGE...



TORPEDO APPROACHING STARBOARD BOW!

HARD RIGHT RUDDER!

WE MADE IT, SIR! THE TORPEDO MISSED AND WE GOT THE DESTROYER! THE REST OF THE JAPS QUIT, SIR!

THIS WAS A TOUGH FIGHT-ONLY THE FINE BEHAVIOR OF OUR OFFICERS AND CREW AVERTED A DISASTER WHEN THEY WERE SHELLING US!

NOT A MAN FAILED US AND NO MEN EVER FOUGHT BETTER THAN MY BOOTS! WE'VE GIVEN THE IMPERIAL JAP NAVY THE WORST NIGHT OF ITS CAREER AND DEMONSTRATED THAT WE CAN TAKE IT AND WE CAN DISH IT OUT, AGAINST EITHER AIR OR SURFACE ENEMIES!



READ THE TRUE AND EXCITING **SECRET WAR** NEWS EVERY MONTH IN **MILITARY COMICS**.

NO- NOT ME.
NOT GOING TO WASTE
MY TIME. SUCCESS IS
JUST A MATTER OF
LUCK AND I WASN'T
BORN LUCKY.



SO FAST
ON RADIO

A man in a light-colored shirt and dark overalls stands next to a large, stylized drawing of a fish. A speech bubble from the man says, "JUST WHERE I WAS FIVE YEARS AGO".



A woman in a dark dress and hat looking to the side. A speech bubble above her head contains the text "ANYWHERE".



Big Shortage of Radio Technicians, Operators

There's a big shortage of capable Radio Technicians and Operators because so many have joined the Army and Navy. Fixing Radios pays better now than five years. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal number of servicing jobs.



6

Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon now! Learning Radio helps Service men get extra rank, extra pay, more interesting duties, much higher pay. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. Over 1,700 Service men enrolled.

BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN--More Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before -- I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation and Police Radio, and other communications branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians. The Government, too, needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women. Radio factories, now working on Government orders for radio equipment, eagerly trained men. And think of the NEW jobs Television, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war! This is the best of opportunity you shouldn't pass up.

Many Beginners Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

There's probably an opportunity, right in your neighborhood to make money in spare time filing Radios. I'd give you the training that has started hundreds of N.R.I. students making \$5, \$10 a week.

extra within a few months after enrolling. The N.R.I. Course isn't something just prepared to take advantage of the present market for technical books and courses. It has been tried, tested, perfected during the 28 years we have been teaching Radio

Mail Coupon Now—Get 64-Page Book Free
Find Out What N.E.I. Can Do For You

MAIL THE COUPON NOW for my FREE 44-page book. It tells how N.R.I. trains you at home; shows you letters and photographs of men I trained; describes the many fascinating jobs Radio offers. No obligation—no salesman will call. Just MAIL THE COUPON AT ONCE in an envelope, or paste on a penny postcard.—J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. INAC National Radio Institute, Washington - 1, D. C.

Training Men for Vital Radio Jobs

THIS **FREE** BOOK HAS SHOWN HUNDREDS
HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3MA3
National Radio Institute, Washington - 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

 Springer

Address

City _____ State _____





CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

Plenty of noise—plenty of fun—with this BIG gun; operates on a swivel or dismounted, like army guns. Sell only one order Xmas packs.

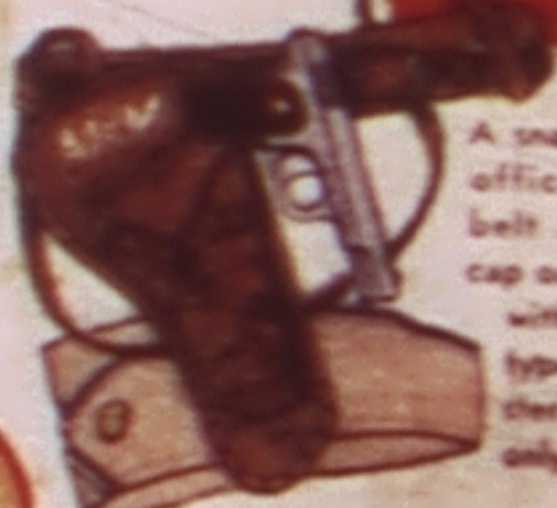
COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET—Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 mysterious Chemistry exhibitions. Sell only one order.



CANDID-TYPE CAMERA GIVEN—This fine Camera takes 16 pictures on each roll of film—easy to operate. Sell only one order.



U.S. ARMY OUTFIT



A snappy officer's belt and cap outfit with an automatic-type pistol and holster. Given for selling only one order.

Touchdown!



GENUINE LEATHER FOOTBALL—Official size. Tough, sturdy—a swell prize for selling only one order.



GIVEN!

Gun Country HOLSTER SET

BOYS! Here's that Set you've wanted. "Texan" type pistol in jeweled holster, leather belt, kerchief and lariat—ALL for selling only one order.



Sing it with Music!



Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele, decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order.

GIVEN



5 CLOTH BOUND BOOKS—Over 200 pages each. Choose any five from 24 thrilling stories for boys, girls and all the family—all 5 given for selling only one order.

Pretty 5 Piece Dresser Set

Full size comb, brush, mirror, perfume bottle and powder jar. Given for selling only one order.



PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING SET—Exactly like regular airplane cockpit—every instrument moves. Gunsight and cannon trigger too. This complete outfit for selling only one order.



FREE Secret Sambo game, with this wonderful prize.

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given as explained in our **BIG PRIZE SHEET**

- Electric Football Game
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- Gene Autry Guitar
- Full-size Violin
- Perfume Lamps
- Ice Skates
- Boxing Gloves

Other prizes for boys and girls and gifts for Mother, too.

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. All prizes shown above and many others in our **BIG PRIZE SHEET** are **GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST** for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE SHEET**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 Sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money (and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet).

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. S-5, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. S-5, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____